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RECEPTION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the middle class of society the taking another man's umbrella is looked upon (by those who have not lost it) with a charitable eye. This laxity is, perhaps, founded on the proverb "Exchange is no robbery," for when an umbrella is thus appropriated, another one, though it is of very inferior texture, is almost always left in its place. Indeed, I once knew a man who always used a gingham the appearance of which he used to apologise for by the statement (purely imaginative), "Just see what some wretch left for me at the club instead of my silk one!" Umbrella appropriators spare neither sex nor age nor even ecclesiastical eminence: Dean Buckland lost his umbrella so often that upon his last one he had engraved the words "Stolen from the Dean of Westminster." This he retained for the rest of his life, for not even the most audacious person could then say to an umbrella-maker, as is constantly done in ordinary cases, "Be so good as to alter this address for me." In fashionable circles this large-hearted charity seems to be much more widely extended: even when articles of much greater value than umbrellas are "conveyed"—and there can be no doubt about the conveyance—the pretence is always made, by the loser, of the affair having been a mistake, either from good manners or to afford a loophole for penitence and restitution. "Taken by mistake," says a recent advertisement in the *Morning Post*, "from Lady C.'s reception, a handsome China Shawl, belonging to Mrs. So-and-so, whose name and address will be found inside, and who would be obliged for the same being returned." This is surely very delicate, or else, as Mr. Foker would say, very "downy." After such an intimation there would be a good deal of risk to the mistaken lady in venturing into a fashionable assembly with that China shawl on her shoulders. Her Majesty's Drawing-Room appears to be quite a hunting-ground for the pickers-up of not quite unconsidered trifles. "Lost at Her Majesty's Drawing-Room, on the 9th inst., a valuable Brussels Lace Handkerchief, with initials F. M. and F., and coronet above, embroidered in the corner. May have caught in some lady's dress and been taken home by mistake." This is also a most delicate suggestion, and should make restitution easy, if the initials and the coronet have not been already picked out. There are plenty more such advertisements in the same fashionable organ. In old days it used to be well worth while to follow Prince Esterhazy in the mazy dance for his dropped diamonds, for he never dreamt of advertising for them, and made up his mind to an average loss of £250 a night. It was no wonder that the entrée to Almack's was so eagerly sought for.

An oyster-grower has been treating his "bed" with whisky, as a gardener might treat his with guano. The bivalves seem to take to it like Scotchmen, and become quite as genial under its influence. They no longer "shut up" when appealed to, or at most close their shells in a very languid manner. "I fancied," says the grower, "that they had a peculiarly delicious flavour afterwards, though this may have been prejudice." If it really turns out that they impart what they have received, it is bad news for the teetotallers, for under the most innocent guise there will be a new method of getting intoxicated. Oysters, indeed, are so expensive that no widespread mischief can result in their case; but if oysters can be thus affected, why not periwinkles, or even shrimps? Tea and "srimps" is a favourite luxury of ladies of humble rank, and has hitherto been considered harmless. The tea may still cheer without inebriating, but what if the "srimps" are whisky-fed? "The Force," too, are said to be much attached to them, which is a still more serious consideration. The music that sleeps in the egg of the nightingale is a beautiful fancy, but not so striking as that of the murders which, through the withdrawal of police protection, may lurk in a pint of shrimps.

The advice given to brain-workers by the *Hospital* in a recent issue is, from a sanitary point of view, no doubt worthy of attention, and, under some circumstances, may be practicable. But the recommendation of two days of leisure in the week is a counsel of perfection. In the case of a journalist it would be impossible, and in that of any writer in constant employment, very difficult. On the other hand, as regards those at least who have imaginative work to do, the number of hours apportioned to it in working days seems much too long. The general experience is that four or five hours a day is as much as can be given to it with profit. The system of hard work followed by intervals of idleness is, in my experience, a bad one: it finds its worst illustration in the "long vacation" of the lawyers and the Universities, during which the mind becomes not only relaxed but thoroughly unstrung. A much more wholesome habit, where it is practicable, is moderate and continuous employment. Above all, there should be some engrossing amusement, whether intellectual or otherwise. A brain-worker who has neither golf nor whist, or their equivalents, to make his leisure hours pass pleasantly is sadly handicapped in the race of life. In my opinion, he also needs far more than seven hours' sleep. At the same time there is no truer proverb than

that "at forty a man is either a fool or a physician," and understands what suits him better than anybody can tell him.

The continual sunshine which has been enjoyment to so many people has been no fun to the farmers, though it has now ceased to threaten their ruin. It seemed almost incredible as we basked at the seaside to think that it should be doing anything but good to anybody; and it has certainly done some good. For one thing, it has exploded the rain-makers. If ever it has been worth their while to exert their skill it has been so within the last three months; water from the clouds would have been paid for at the rate of gin and water, yet not one drop have they drawn for us: we have heard the last of that imposture. Another advantage is that for a time at least we shall cease to hear our summer described as "three fine days and a thunder-storm." A correspondent in the *Times* confesses that he went to Palestine in March to avoid the "wet English spring," and came again in May to learn there had been no rain in the meantime, whereas he found the Holy Land inundated by it, and Jerusalem half under water. I hope this will be a lesson to him.

It must be confessed, however, that the Jupiter Englishmen are so given to swear by is Jupiter Pluvius; by Phœbus we do not swear because there is not enough of him to swear by. Nor, though we have plenty of tales of flood in our literature, have we many which have drought for their subject. I do, however, dimly remember a very striking one, called "The Great Drought," which came out many years ago in (I think) *Blackwood*. It described all our lakes and rivers as being dried up, and the complete collapse of the water companies. London was left an arid waste inhabited by a single individual who supported a precarious existence by extracting the drop of water that is said to exist in the heart of every diamond. His search led him consequently into the "best houses," though all the "smart people"—ignorant, of course, of this scientific feat—had died of thirst and left their jewels behind them. I hope nothing of this kind will occur again, as there are very few diamonds in my house, and those not of the first—which, I suppose, means the most—water.

I have had several communications with respect to the consciousness of having witnessed the same scene before which we have never beheld with the outward eye, referred to in a recent Note. Some even express indignation that doubt should have been thrown upon the genuineness of such a common experience. Others aver that not only do scenes recur to them in this mysterious manner, but also conversations. "I have more than once," says one, "known exactly what a friend is about to say to me before he opens his lips"; but this, unfortunately, happens without magic, and a great deal too often. One knows, indeed, as regards any well-worn topic, what the majority of one's acquaintance are going to say. What is much more singular, and has happened to me three times, is to meet in the street the very last man one would have expected to see; then, as he draws nearer, to find one has been mistaken, and a few minutes afterwards there comes the very man. But is it so curious that this should have happened three times to the same person in half a century? Considering the immense area of opportunity, it strikes one, indeed, as strange that so few strange things do happen. Our astonishment is always excited, for example, by seeing two people, not related, very much alike, whereas the wonder really lies in there being so many people that have no resemblance to one another. None of these matters can be referred to coincidence, which is, after all, perhaps the strangest thing of all, since it requires nothing strange to make it remarkable. A more uneventful life than that of William Douglas of Lanark and his wife, for example, can hardly be imagined, yet it is written of them that they were born on the same day and hour. At nineteen they were married, and lived together, "without experiencing infirmity of any kind, for eighty years, and died on the same day on their marriage bed." They were interred together "beneath the same baptismal font where they had been christened almost a century before." Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Gilbert, of Uxbridge, were twin sisters, who were married on the same day, left widows on the same day, and were buried (in 1776) on the same day. The biography of these four people might almost be said to be the biography of two people.

At the Clifton Zoological Gardens, I read, an ostrich has recently expired, the post-mortem examination of which has probably cleared up a great mystery. There was no coroner's inquest, owing, doubtless, to the influence of those interested in keeping the matter secret and preventing their own errors being discovered. But there is very little doubt that this so-called ostrich was the cassowary about which there was so much discussion a few months ago—

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
Would eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn-book too.

This last line was the correct one, as I again and again insisted upon, but was only met with ridicule and misquotation. In the stomach of the deceased was found, not a Bible, nor any other of the articles falsely alleged to

have been bolted by the bird, but simply what (I knew) he had swallowed—the missionary and the hymn-book. There turned up, besides, "a pencil-case and two pocket-handkerchiefs." His mere skin and bone had, of course, disappeared, but these were obviously the good man's effects. One of the pocket-handkerchiefs, it is reasonable to suppose, was for use; the other probably a "moral" one, for distribution among the heathen. It is pleasant to find this much debated matter settled, and in one's own way.

"She walks the water like a thing of life" is a line that might have been applied to several of Captain Boyton's female friends the other day as they paraded the Thames. The spectators of their curious feat (or feet) are said to be more numerous than have ever attended an open-air exhibition. It has been frowned upon by a fastidious press as vulgar and "useless," but I confess I would rather have seen it than most processions. It is a pity that Taylor, "the Water Poet," was not alive to sing it. As to uselessness, I suppose in case of shipwreck on the deep, canoe-shoes (at least, with their proprietor in them) wouldn't go far, but for river excursions I don't see why they should not form a part of one's kit. We often say when wet is expected, "I shall take a pair of shoes and socks," and this would be only "another pair of shoes."

On the other hand, there is little to be said in defence of the gentleman who has taken a month or two to travel from Manchester to London on a wooden globe. The globe has lost 10lb. in weight in the journey and the man 29lb., which, if it has gone from his head, is 39lb. of wood in all. Unless as a mere illustration of perseverance, this seems a senseless affair indeed, for this globe-trotter (which is unusual) appears to have made nothing by his travels—a curious example of the loss of opportunity, since of no one can it be more literally said that "the ball was at his feet" from first to last.

The oldest theory of meteorites was that they were providentially furnished to supply us with iron before we had begun to dig for that metal. The newest, as expounded by a member of the French Academy, is not so encouraging, and will be rather alarming to that portion of the scientific world which is just now devoting itself to devising methods of traversing "the fields of air." These fields, it seems—at a certain elevation—are "full of fine vapours of iron, silicon, and all the bodies that enter into the composition of meteorites," which pass at once from the gaseous into the solid state. The atmosphere is, as it were, full of bursting shells. This is a much more serious matter—to aeronauts—than the old view that meteorites originate in a molten mass, only occasionally discharged from this or that heavenly body. Umbrellas will be useless.

Wills have been written on various substances and in very strange places, the most remarkable, perhaps, being the one immortalised in fiction, inscribed on a person's back—not, however, that of the testator, which, if the thing could be physically possible, would be the most convenient plan. He could never mislay it, and it would be found directly it was wanted. In Louisville, the other day, a will was "filed" written not upon parchment, but on linen. A lady who had poisoned herself contrived in her last agonies to scrawl her testamentary intentions with a pencil on her pillow. It was a dutiful and generous act—for most people, under such circumstances, would have had no thought except for themselves—but too risky an example to be imitated. For suppose that pillow had been sent to the wash!

Ten years ago the medical branch of critics—which is very numerous, concerns itself only with what is amiss with modern literature, and takes very gloomy views of their patient—had given up the historical novel as dead, and it really did seem dead enough. Then came "Micah Clark," which made the experts doubt. They held a mirror to it—their own looking-glass—and said, "It breathes"; then came "The House of the Wolf," followed quickly by "The White Company," and there could be no doubt in the mind of the most despondent that the historical novel was alive again. "The Refugees" is the fourth of these revivals, and would be sufficient of itself to establish the fact. It reanimates the Court of Louis XIV., and makes its intrigues more interesting than the last new scandal. Its movement and colour, seen through the mist of years, is marvellous. I confess when I came to that part of the story where our refugees had to cross the seas, I trembled for the author. I feared he had shot his bolt; that there would not be the same opportunity for a pen, however graphic and vigorous; but Dr. Conan Doyle has a good many shots in his locker. In the pathless woods, and among the ruthless savages he rivals Cooper, and in sustained sensational description even surpasses him. As we read of the siege of the Block House, we hold our breath. Except upon the action of the novel, there is no room here to speak; but where it will find the best acceptance—acceptance, that is, of the best class of reader—is in its character-drawing. The old Seigneur and the two Jesuits are figures that may stand, without fear of depreciative comparison, beside any on the canvas of Scott himself.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RECEPTION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The Prince of Wales, as President of the Imperial Institute, on Wednesday, May 17, received, with Lord Herschell, Chairman of the Council, and the Governors, an immense company of visitors provided with tickets of admission, to the estimated number of twenty thousand, crowding all parts of the new building. His Royal Highness was accompanied by his son, the Duke of York, with Princess May of Teck, her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, and other members or connections of the royal family. They walked through the building and inspected the principal rooms and galleries, under the guidance of Lord Herschell and of Sir Frederick Abel, the Secretary and Director, and Sir Somers Vane, the Assistant Secretary and Director. They appeared to public view in the balcony over the western garden, and took a repast in the refreshment-rooms, where, at the long tables, many of the general company were also entertained. The members of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. George Mount, performed Sir Arthur Sullivan's new "Imperial March" and other music, in the west gallery of the vestibule; the Guards' band played in the Indian Pavilion; and the Royal Artillery band in the kiosk of the western garden. The gardens as well as the interior of the building were illuminated. The seats here were provided by Messrs. Barnard and Bishop.

"I PAGLIACCI" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Leoncavallo's remarkably clever and interesting opera, "I Pagliacci," brought out by Sir Augustus Harris at the Royal Opera on May 19 (a year all but two days after its original production at Milan), has continued in London a record of unbroken success, the like of which, at any rate for the celerity with which it has been achieved, is not to be found in the annals of the lyric stage. It has been freely stated that Signor Leoncavallo based his exciting libretto on incidents that had actually occurred. He himself says that he was inspired by a book of Paul Ferrier's, entitled "Le Tabarin," though, not knowing the work, we are unable to indicate the extent of his indebtedness. Anyhow, it seems a pity that Mr. Fred E. Weatherly, who has written the English adaptation of the libretto, did not translate the title through this French original instead of calling it "Punchinello." A tabarin is a merry andrew or buffoon, the word being derived from the name of a famous French open-air comedian of the seventeenth century; and, although not quite identical with the Pagliaccio (or Pierrot) of the Italian stage, either of the above English equivalents (failing the right to use "Mountebanks") describes "Pagliaccio" better than "Punchinello," which, to Italian ears, represents something altogether different. The proper thing, of course, would be to leave the title untranslated, just as if it were a proper name; and, as there is every likelihood of the opera becoming immensely popular in the provinces as well as in London, we advise Messrs. Ascherberg to expunge altogether the word "Punchinello" from their scores and books of words. Who speaks of Mascagni's opera as "Rustic Chivalry" (another dreadful mistranslation)? It is known everywhere as "Cavalleria Rusticana."

But we agree with Mr. Weatherly that no sort of title can "detract from the dramatic force of Leoncavallo's story." It is a wonderful tragedy in a nutshell, and its grim intensity is deepened by the brightness of the accompanying incidents. It is the gaiety of the comedy that throws such a lurid light upon the horror of the tragical climax. The interest is cumulative, and it grows and grows without one retrograde moment, until the final fall of the curtain. The *deus ex machina* of the story is Tonio, the hunchbacked fool or clown of the strolling pantomimists; and it is for this reason, maybe, that the composer has allotted to him the old-fashioned duty of coming before the curtain to deliver the prologue. It is to revenge himself on Nedda, the mistress who has rewarded his love-making with derision and blows, that Tonio brings his master, Canio, in the nick of time to behold a tender farewell between his (Canio's) wife and her unknown lover, Silvio. And surely this new Iago in motley foresees exactly what will happen when romance gives place to reality (or *vice versa* if you like), when the actual events of the afternoon are repeated, down to the very words, in the play of the evening. Tonio knows his master, as Iago knew his, and when he advises Canio to dress for the performance, and trust to the "gay deceiver" returning of his own accord, he is cunning enough to perceive that this time Harlequin's *liaison* with Columbine will not be treated as a joke, but taken seriously by poor Pagliaccio. The immense pathos of the situation which ends the first act lies partly in the fact that Canio also sees what is in store for him; that, with a broken heart, he must prepare to play the character of a husband deceived as he is himself. Well, he tries his best to go through the part, but the agony of suspense is too great; he forgets that he is acting, and demands of his wife her lover's name. She refuses to give it and he kills her. Silvio, too late, darts forward to her assistance, and receives the same dagger in his heart. And all this is precisely what Tonio had counted upon happening. He means as much when he says, "La commedia è finita."

Some operas there are that invite discussion for their music and very little besides. As will have been seen, "I Pagliacci" is not one of these. At the same time, however, it does not go too far in the other direction. The

interest of Leoncavallo's work lies as much in the music as in the drama, and to say this is to pay it the highest compliment in our power. The Neapolitan composer is not only well equipped in the technique of his art, but he knows, like Mascagni, what sort of music it is that the public of to-day is in need of. That he owes some of his ideas to his younger compatriot is pretty palpable, but his individuality, if less marked, is not less interesting in its way. The contrast between the musical treatment of the main story and that of the comedy in the second act is masterly, and the presence of inspiration is manifest in the profoundly touching melody wherein Canio expresses the tumultuous feelings that overwhelm him. "I Pagliacci," then, is a work that must live, and its success at Covent Garden will extend over a longer period than can be measured by the present season. Sir Augustus Harris has mounted the new opera in the most complete manner. Signor de Lucia gives a superb embodiment of Canio, and he has a worthy companion in Signor Ancona for the part of Tonio. Madame Melba sings the music of Nedda with characteristic charm, and shows in the rôle distinct improvement as an actress. Mr. Richard Green is satisfactory as the peasant lover, Silvio, and M. Bonnard is efficient as Peppe, the harlequin. The excellence of the general performance is largely due to Signor Mancinelli.

THE QUEEN'S INDIAN SECRETARY.

Her Majesty, being Empress of India as well as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, wisely and graciously studies, as



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

THE MUNSHI ABDUL HARIM, INDIAN SECRETARY TO THE QUEEN.

few English ladies have attempted to do, the history, condition, manners, and ideas of her Asiatic subjects, who number, with the inhabitants of Native States under her Imperial protectorate, nearly three hundred millions of mankind. We can scarcely suppose, with the utmost researches and reports of those learned and laborious men, Indian civil servants, literary philologists, investigators of the laws, customs, religions, and social traditions of so vast a population, comprising some thirty different nations, Hindoo, Mohammedan, Sikh, Buddhist, and heathen, in the great Anglo-Oriental Empire, that any one mind knows all about them. But their Empress Victoria has the credit, which is much among Sovereigns, of having learnt enough of a language—Hindustani, the common speech of the most important provinces of British India—to understand and reply to phrases of courtesy in her interviews with princely visitors; and those who witnessed her cordial greeting of several at the recent opening of the Imperial Institute must be aware of her kindly feelings towards them. It would indeed be well that the educated classes of Englishmen and Englishwomen should take more interest than they do in acquiring information on the subject of Indian native life and character. With this sentiment we present the portrait of the Munshi, or professor of languages and of polite writing, who has the honour of serving her Majesty as private secretary in her Indian correspondence.

A JOURNEY IN MOROCCO.

The series of M. Montbard's sketches of his travels in Morocco is continued in our publication of this week. After leaving Tangier, which town on the African coast nearly opposite to Gibraltar has been described and illustrated, the road passes southward over a high range of hills extending to Cape Spartel, and thence along the shore of the Atlantic, crossing the Wady Tsahadart and other rivers,

into the district called El Gharbia. Here and there rise some undulating hills, covered with palmetto or dwarf palm, and villages which afford a resting-place; but large marshes are a feature of this part of the country. At Wady-el-Ghreefa are seen the remains of a Roman aqueduct. Arzilah, a small walled town on the seashore, with turrets and battlements erected probably by the Portuguese, is believed to occupy the site of the Roman fortress, Zilio. Near its main gate is the tomb or shrine of a famous Mohammedan saint much revered by the Moors; the roof of green tiles, the white dome, and the surrounding verdure of palms and clustering shrubs have a beautiful effect. Farther on, the road to Sahal-el-Khemis, a ride of seven or eight hours up and down hilly paths among high brushwood and olive-trees, proved rather tedious. The place last mentioned is a large Moorish village of square mud-built thatched huts, with many storks' nests on their roofs and with gardens enclosed by hedges of cactus, or prickly pear. A few miles beyond, at the mouth of the Koos River, is Larache, or El Araish, a town of some importance, and a seaport for small vessels. It is the residence of a Pasha who rules the neighbouring province. This town has repeatedly been besieged and captured in the wars between the Portuguese or the Spaniards and the Moors. Near its site, at Lixus, in ages of remoter antiquity, was a Carthaginian town, with walls constructed of huge stones 16 ft. long and 4 ft. thick, the ruins of which may still be seen. The old Portuguese fort or castle, with its towers, the Soko or market-place, surrounded by a pillared arcade, and the fine Moorish gateway are the chief architectural features of Larache. The streets are very steep; and the high situation of the town, commanding pleasant views of the river and sea, and of the olive groves and orange groves in the neighbourhood, renders it an interesting place to visit.

SIR JOHN GILBERT'S GIFT TO THE CITY.

On Wednesday, May 17, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, with Mr. A. A. Wood, Chairman of the Library and Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation, and Mr. A. G. Temple, Director of the Art Gallery at Guildhall, received a large company of visitors invited to see the pictures by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., liberally presented to the Corporation by that eminent artist. These paintings, sixteen in number, have been arranged to cover two walls of one of the upper rooms, and form an interesting addition to the valuable permanent collection belonging to the City of London. They are, in water colour, "The Enchanted Forest," which was exhibited in 1886 at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; "An Armed Host drawn up below, A Battle in the Sky," 1879; "Edward III. at the Siege of Calais," 1887; "The Knight Errant," 1891; "Cardinal Wolsey on his Way to Westminster Hall," 1887; "Charcoal-Burners," 1889; "The Battle of the Standard, Northallerton," 1880; "The Witch," 1889; "A Bishop," 1889; "War: After the Battle," 1888; and "The Prince and Princess of Wales passing St. James's Palace to the Queen's Drawing-Room," 1884. The oil-paintings, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy, are "The Morning of the Battle of Agincourt," exhibited in 1884; "Don Quixote's Niece and House-keeper," 1891; "Fair St. George," 1881; "Sir Launcelot du Lake," 1887; and "Ego et Rex Meus—Henry VIII. with Cardinal Wolsey," 1889. These works are well known and admired; it is unnecessary to repeat what has often been said of their merits in point of art; but the choice made of them for the City of London free public gallery is especially commendable, since the most important of the larger pictures are illustrative of English history, or of imaginative subjects congenial to English romantic poetry. It is an agreeable recollection for us that *The Illustrated London News* at an early period of its career had the benefit of Sir John Gilbert's services, and we can now sincerely wish him further enjoyment, in years to come, of the honours that he has fairly gained. He is to be presented with the freedom of the City.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The fourteenth yearly performance of military exercises at the Royal Agricultural Hall commenced on Thursday, May 25, to be continued during a fortnight. In all, the number of troops engaged in the various competitions of strength, activity, and skill, in the execution of manoeuvres, and in mimic conflicts, is about fifteen hundred men, with twenty guns and more than three hundred horses. They include, on this occasion, picked representatives of colonial forces, the Victorian Volunteer Horse Artillery and the New South Wales Cavalry (Lancers). The final contests with soldiers' weapons are limited to such men of the regular British Army as have won prizes and medals offered by the committee to the regiments stationed in the several military districts throughout this country. The Royal Horse Artillery competition is for galloping only, while the Royal Artillery Field Batteries drive by pairs of guns. The musical ride is entrusted to the 2nd Life Guards. There is a display by the bridging battalion of the Royal Engineers, also bayonet fighting by teams of infantry; the "tug of war" by regulars and auxiliaries; physical drill competitions by company sections of twenty-four men, with music; special displays of bayonet exercise by detachments of Foot Guards, grand military tattoo by Regulars and Volunteers, and the mimic battle known as the "combined display of all arms." In this the action represented will be that of one of the recent conflicts in which British troops were actually engaged. Since the Royal Military Tournament was instituted the committee have been able to devote large sums of money to prizes, and have contributed nearly £30,000 to the military charities.

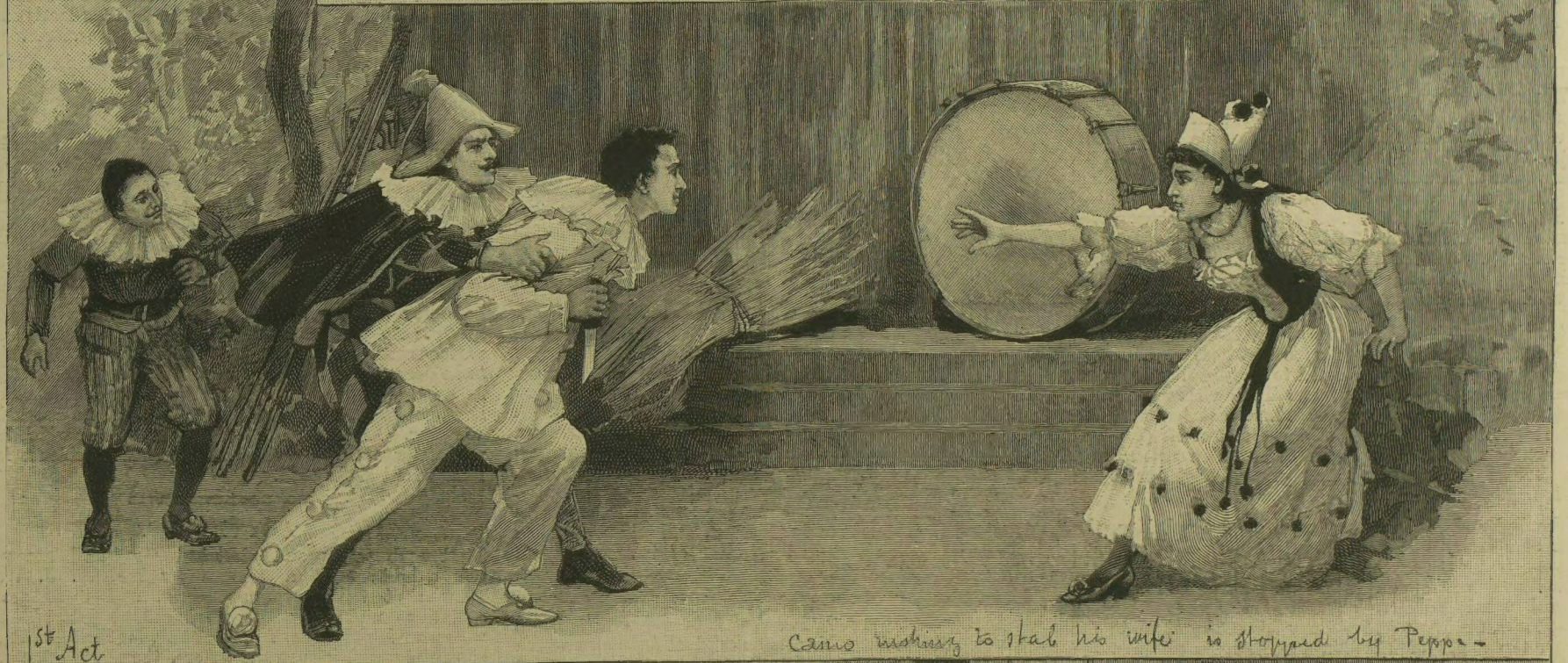


"FRENCH SEAMEN GOING TO THE ICELAND FISHERY."—BY P. DUTHOIT.
IN THE PARIS SALON.



RECEPTION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: TABLE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE ROYAL PARTY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



PERSONAL.

The new Bishop of Natal, the Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes, Vicar of Christ Church, East Greenwich, is a

graduate of Oriel College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. His preferment in the Church was rapid. A curate in 1881, he became Vicar of St. Mary's Nottingham, three years later. In 1888 he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; last year he was trans-

lated to Greenwich, and now he is a bishop after only twelve years' service in the Church. It is highly improbable that Bishop Baynes will enliven the diocese of Natal after the manner of Bishop Colenso.

The civic authorities did full honour to Sir John Gilbert on May 17, in the welcome they accorded the five oil-paintings and eleven water-colour drawings which he has generously given to the Guildhall Art Gallery. It is late in the day to eulogise Sir John Gilbert's art. His colour, as colour is rightly understood, is always fine, and there is combined strength and fluency in his pure aquarelle, united to a grand style which is all his own in these degenerate days, though it may find its counterpart in Rousseau and Claude, in Turner and in Ruysdael, in Diaz and in Barret. The City possessions denote the fertility of his inventive powers, and as all are of a period when his manipulation was mature, being from 1879 onwards, the gift is of singular worth. The pictures and drawings have been remarked upon as they were exhibited, for Sir John Gilbert has contributed to the Academy (of which he was made an Associate in 1872 and a member in 1876) very frequently since his first essay—a portrait—in 1838; also to the British Artists, where he made his public debut, in 1836, with a water-colour drawing; at the British Institution; and at the Royal Water-Colour Society, of which he was made Associate in 1852, full member two years later, and President in 1871.

The name of the late Sir William Henry White, a veteran civil servant of the financial department of the War Office, who has died at the age of sixty-seven, must not be mistaken for that of Sir William Arthur White, late British Ambassador at Constantinople. Sir W. H. White, who had been in the service from 1842, was Accountant-General of the Army from 1878 to 1882. He was in the Crimean War as military auditor of the Turkish contingent, and was, on later occasions, employed in China, in Egypt, and in South Africa as special finance officer and commissioner of inquiry. He was knighted two years ago.

An old Austrian statesman of the Metternich school, much noted forty years ago for his steadfast opposition to the claims of the nationalities and to all liberal policy, was Baron Anton von Schmerling, who died on May 23 in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He held that Austria had a divine right to the headship of the German Empire, and vehemently resisted the growth of Prussian ascendancy. The liberties of Hungary were equally obnoxious to his mind.

The Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar have accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to attend the dinner at the Mansion House on Monday, June 12, in honour of General Lord Roberts, as have also the Rajah of Kapurthala, the Earl of Kimberley (Secretary of State for India), the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Cranbrook, Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, General Sir Donald Stewart, General Sir Evelyn Wood, and a large number of officers of the Army.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen's retirement from the Directorship of the South Kensington Museum ends a public service of nearly forty years in that and kindred institutions. Sir Philip entered the Navy as a boy, but at the age of seventeen he obtained employment in connection with the Science and Art Department, then quartered at Marlborough House, and his aptitude for organisation was rewarded by various distinctions. In 1857 he became Deputy General Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum, and in 1860

Assistant Director. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen had always a special capacity for evolving order out of chaos at great Exhibitions, and his services in Paris in 1855, 1867, and 1878, at Vienna in 1873, and Philadelphia in 1876, earned for him the gratitude of British exhibitors. He was made a C.B. in 1873, and Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1878. As Sir Philip has been Director at South Kensington for twenty years, succeeding Sir Henry Cole in that office, it can scarcely be said that he was overburdened with honours. But then he belonged to the long-suffering tribe of younger sons. His father was a naval officer, and when he had served five years in the Navy he little thought, probably, that his retirement, owing to ill-health, was really paving the way to another career in which success was comparatively brilliant. What South Kensington Museum is to-day may be largely ascribed to Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen's energy, industry, and organising skill. The institution has not escaped candid criticism, but the retiring director may fairly say that he did what was possible with the resources at his command. Parliament is not liberal in its expenditure in this section of the national treasures, which is not even decently housed. When Mr. John Burns goes the length of declaring that the people would gladly see a large sum spent to make the South Kensington department in every way worthy of its purpose, the niggardliness of the Treasury can scarcely be defended on the ground of popular economy.

The Duke of Abercorn, who received, on Thursday, May 25, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, with three of their family, as his guests at Baron's Court, in Tyrone, is, by virtue of his rank and position, at the head of the Irish Protestant or Ulster political party; his Grace is a man of ability and firm resolution, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, commanding great influence in the North of Ireland. His predecessor was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—in 1868, and again, under Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, from March 1874 to December 1876. The ancient Scottish family of Hamilton, of which the Duke is heir male, with peerages in all the three kingdoms, and with the French title of Duke of Châtelherault, is one of the most renowned in British history. After long fidelity to the Stuarts, their representative towards the end of the seventeenth century, the sixth Earl of Abercorn, joined William III. in Ireland, taking part in the defence of Londonderry; and mainly since then has this noble house been identified with the cause of the Ulster loyalists. A view of Baron's Court is presented among our Illustrations this week.

The new Director at South Kensington is Major-General Festing, R.E., F.R.S., whose duties will differ

from those of his predecessor, inasmuch as they will be confined exclusively to the Science branch of the department, Art having been made a separate section. Major-General Festing may have dreamed a little during his military service of distinction at South Kensington as young Owen when



MAJOR-GENERAL FESTING, R.E.,
Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington.

he was a naval cadet. The new Director served in India during the Mutiny. His colleague in the Directorship of the Art Department is Professor J. H. Middleton, Slade Professor of Fine Art and Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

Those who have often admired the splendid work of Mr. Linley Sambourne in *Punch* will, in a few days, have a chance of inspecting this artist's original drawings, which are to be exhibited at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

Wordsworth's dust does not, so far as we know, "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but his Cambridge associations are being sacrificed to improve the college kitchens. The rooms he occupied at St. John's are likely to be demolished very soon for the sake of the cooking, and the spot from which he was wont to gaze through the window by moonlight with thoughts of Sir Isaac Newton's statue in Trinity College Chapel will know a less ethereal incense than that of his homage to a great thinker. Another poet's fame will survive his mortal habitation in St. James's Place, London. No. 22 is the house to which Samuel Rogers removed from the Temple in 1803, and in which he gave his celebrated breakfasts. Writing to Tom Moore in 1847, Rogers said: "There is a small house in a dark and narrow corner of London (Memory Hall as it was once called by a reckless wight who has played many a prank there and who now sleeps in Harrow churchyard) where you will be most welcome, so pray come and make it your home and stay there as long as you can." For many a year since then St. James's Place has been a street where nothing more striking than the legend "Apartments" greeted the eye of the pedestrian. The Crown lease of Rogers' old home is to be sold, and should the building be demolished, the dissolution of the walls, which must have pricked their ears in the poet's day, ought to let loose some very quaint stories.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for the portrait of the Rev. A. Hamilton Baynes; to Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, for that of Major-General Festing; and to Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, for that of Sir P. Cunliffe Owen.

OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

THE DERBY.

Appetite comes with eating; so the remarkable growth of large gate-money meetings near London—such as Sandown Park, Kempton Park, and Hurst Park—feeds the great summer gathering on Epsom Downs, and increases, if anything, the big attendance on the Derby Day, which falls this year on the last day in May. Whether the favourite, Isinglass, wins, as he should do on public form, or whether the Blue Ribbon of the Turf falls to Raeburn, Irish Wake, or an outsider, Epsom Downs will be sure to yield the usual amount of rollicking recreation with the customary scenes of absorbing interest apart from the great race of the year. That veteran sportsman, Sir John Astley, it is clear from the portrait of the grey-bearded gentleman near the window in our Coloured Supplement, finds food for reflection in watching the jockeys weighed at Epsom. This is, indeed, one of the engrossing tableaux "behind the scenes" at Epsom, eminently suggestive of the dramatic nature of the Derby.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The demonstration against the Welsh Suspensory Bill was a triumphant success, realising more than the utmost hopes of its promoters. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in spite of a cold, was well heard, and the Archbishop of York even better. But the most effective speech was that of the Duke of Argyll, whose fine voice never had a better opportunity. Lord Selborne and Professor Jebb made less impression, though their speeches were very elaborate. The Bishop of London was received with marked enthusiasm. The most notable thing about the demonstration was that the question of Wales sank to the background—disestablishment and disendowment generally were in view.

The Welsh members met to consider their position, and resolved to insist on receiving satisfactory declarations from the Government. They will be satisfied to let the Suspensory Bill, for which they never cared very much, drop on receiving a definite pledge from the Government that they will bring in a Bill for Disestablishment, and make it the first business of next Session. It is difficult to see how a pledge can be given, but the Welsh members are determined to leave the Government in the lurch and appeal to their constituencies if their terms are not granted.

In Scotland the same subject almost monopolises public attention. The Free Church celebrates her jubilee under circumstances of great éclat. The contributions for the year reach the large sum of £645,000, an increase of £24,000; and several thousands have been added to the membership. The Bill for Disestablishment brought in by Dr. Cameron has just been printed, and will, it is said, be adopted by the Government. It provides for handing over the funds, after life-claims are satisfied, to the local councils, a project which will be popular with the voters.

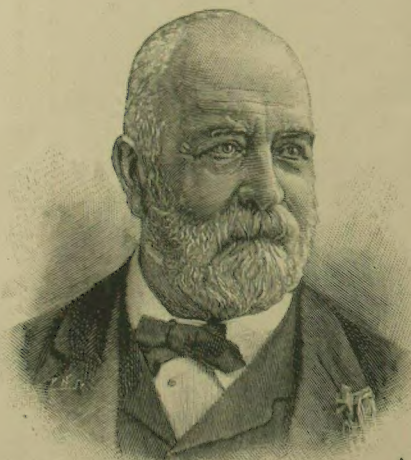
The Pope has taken a warm interest in Professor Ramsay's researches in Asia Minor; and when the Professor's book, "The Church in the Roman Empire," was published, expressed his desire to read it. A copy was presented to his Holiness, and he has not only ordered that the book should be placed in the reference library of the Vatican, but has awarded a gold medal to the author for his distinguished service. The *Guardian* pronounces the book to be the most important contribution to Church history that has been published at home or abroad since Bishop Lightfoot's great work on the Apostolic Fathers.

The resignation of the Rev. Mr. Macanally, Chaplain of Hampton Court Chapel, has raised anew the question of salary. At present this amounts to about £150, from various sources, for which the work of a little parish has to be done, and the preaching kept at a good level. It is suggested, very sensibly, that the Hampton Court chaplaincy might be attached to one of the six canonries of Windsor. Each canon gets £1000 a year, for which he has very little to do. There is an excellent residence in the Palace for the chaplain.

ART NOTES.

Sombre draperies and electrical "switch" accompany the exhibition of a picture by Mr. A. J. Warne-Browne at the Hanover Gallery, and these are not conditions under which a work can be gauged as art. "Dawn" is not a very felicitous title for the familiar story of Christ walking upon the waters, though to some minds the link of suggestion between early morning light stealing over the horizon and the dawn of Christianity foreshadowed by the Saviour's figure effulgent with beams that take the visionary form of a cross, will be appreciated. The Disciples are scarcely rugged or Hebraic enough, nor does the water show the effects of such "contrary" winds that (on the authority of a pamphlet presented to visitors, this), though rowing all night, they had covered but four miles. In the ground-floor gallery Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have a small collection of Continental pictures, chief of which are some glowing canvases, full of life and movement, by Isabey, and two instances of Corot in poetical landscape saturated with atmosphere and light. One of these, "The Road to the Mill," is delightfully moist and is in a tender key; the other, "L'Ouragan," is impressive, though of small scale, and is of grave tone save for the luminous sky flecked with orange. Architecture of minute detail in Venice, Florence, and Rome engages Mdlle. Brandeis, who, if a little hard, is at any rate careful in the finish of her work and brilliant in lighting. There are one or two humorous figures by Max Scholz, dexterous if flimsy instances of M. Tissot, and one or two pictures by British painters of note.

By judicious expenditure, a little money can be made to go a very long way in acquiring pictures for national galleries. The report of that for Ireland for 1891 shows remarkable economy of means, but the late director, Mr. Henry Doyle, had quite a talent for getting good pennyporths. Yet it is possible to cavil even at his purchases, for no matter how relatively cheap they may have been it is difficult to see that Keeley Halswelle's art was of so high an order that a national building should possess six works of his by purchase, three of which are river studies.



SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.,
Retiring Director of the South Kensington Museum.

distinctions. In 1857 he became Deputy General Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum, and in 1860

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has left Windsor for Balmoral, but intends to return from Scotland, probably to London, about the middle of June, or rather June 20. It was the Queen's birthday, she was seventy-four years of age, on Wednesday, May 24. God save the Queen! May her life and reign extend well into the twentieth century, and exceed that of King George the Third!

The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters have returned from their yachting tour in the Mediterranean, and have arrived at Marlborough House.

Parliament having adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays, Mr. Gladstone has gone to Hawarden, while Lord Salisbury has gone to address Anti-Home Rule meetings in the north of Ireland. His Lordship is the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry, at Mount Stewart, in county Down; and of the Duke of Abercorn, at Baron's Court, in county Tyrone. He speaks at Belfast and at Londonderry. Lord Randolph Churchill has made a speech at Bolton, also at Reading; Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham; and Mr. Balfour at Manchester.

An open-air meeting in favour of Irish Home Rule was held in Hyde Park on Saturday, May 20, addressed by Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and other speakers.

The agitation among clergy and laity of the Church of England against the Welsh Disestablishment or Suspensory Bill displayed itself, on May 16, in the special religious service at St. Paul's Cathedral and the great meeting at the Royal Albert Hall. The chief speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Manchester. Other meetings have been held.

The Hull dock-labourers' strike has come to an end, but there is great distress among the families of the men thrown out of employment, as many find their places now filled by some of those brought in from other towns to do their work, of whom there were nearly four thousand. Of these, the "non-unionists," 2300 continue employed. There were 8000 out on strike, only 900 can now get work.

A congress on the co-operative system of industry was opened at Bristol on Whit Monday, presided over by Mr. G. Hawkins, of London, and there were instructive addresses and discussions.

The Whitsuntide holidays in London were favoured, on the Monday, with the finest possible weather, and all open-air places of recreation were the scene of great popular enjoyment. Bostall Wood, near Plumstead, a beautiful place, easily reached from London, having been purchased for the public use, was opened that day by Mr. John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council.

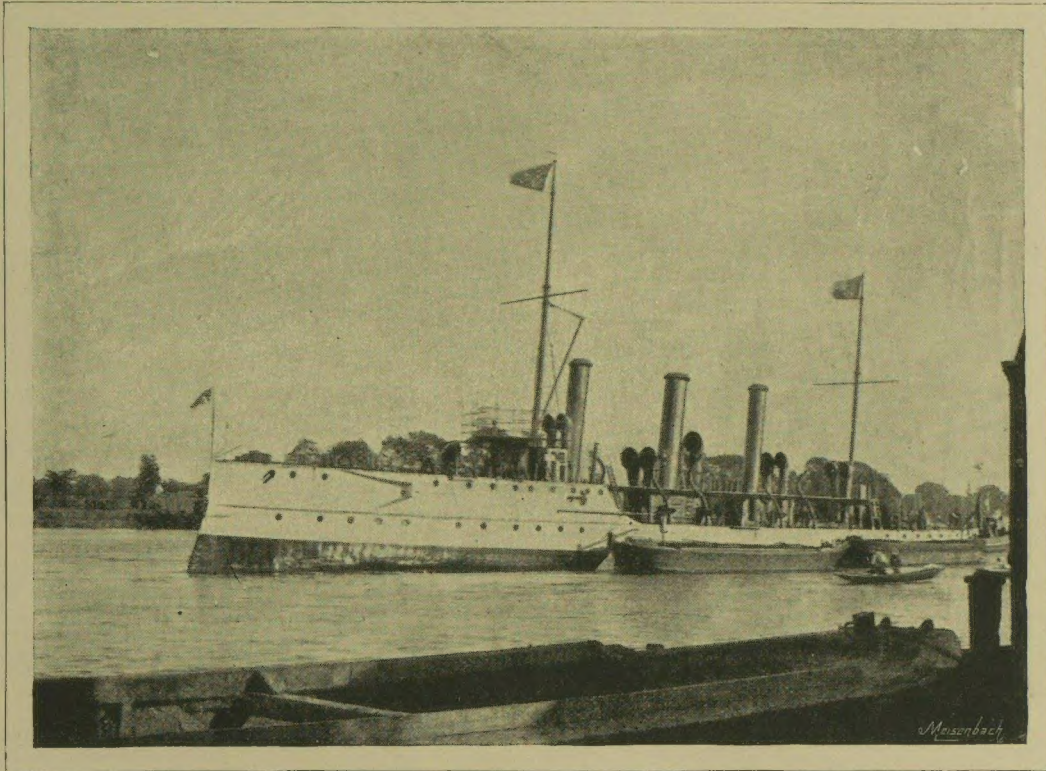
A new institute, library, and reading-room for the village of Hawarden was opened by Mr. Gladstone on Monday, May 22.

At the London School Board, on May 18, Sir Richard Temple, Chairman of the Finance Committee, made the annual statement of finances. The expenditure for the year had amounted to £1,968,414 and the receipts to £570,304. Including a balance of £107,638 from the previous year, and the contributions from the rates, they had a surplus of £153,818. This was largely due to economical administration. The estimates of expenditure for 1893-4 included £1,029,500 for teachers' salaries, £68,200 for inspection and special instruction, £100,000 for furniture and repairs, £31,300 for evening classes, £38,000 for school buildings, £45,370 for enforcement of compulsion, £47,230 for industrial schools, £438,049 for interest and repayment of loans, and a reserve of £50,000, and amounted altogether to £2,167,511. The receipts from the Free Education grants and other sources were estimated at £589,600, and, with the surplus from the previous year, there was left a balance of £1,424,093 to be raised by taxation. Precepts had already been issued for £701,050, which left £723,043 still to be raised. The rate would be a fraction less than 10½d. in the pound.

At Edinburgh the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland has opened its session, attended by the Queen's Lord High Commissioner, the Marquis of Breadalbane; Dr. Lang, of Glasgow, being elected Moderator. The Scottish Free Kirk Assembly has also met, choosing Dr. Walter Smith as Moderator, and is about to celebrate the jubilee of the secession or "disruption" of 1843.

The German Emperor has unveiled a statue of his grandfather, the Emperor William I., at Görlitz, and has made a banquet speech insisting on the Army Bill. The impending general election for the Reichstag seems likely to increase the strength of the Social Democratic party, more especially in Saxony.

There has been a resignation of the Italian Ministry, consequent on the rejection by the Chamber of the estimates for the Department of Justice, being a vote of censure on the Minister for that department. But Signor Giolitti, the Premier, forms a new Administration. Its



H.M.S. SPEEDY, THE NEW FIRST-CLASS GUN-BOAT.

difficulties are those of reducing expenditure, and a reform of the banking system.

The French Government has a dispute with the kingdom of Siam, upon a frontier question of the French territory in Tonquin; and some fears have been entertained at Bangkok, the Siamese capital, lest a French squadron should blockade that city. M. Arton, implicated in the Panama scandals, has been condemned for other frauds to twenty years' imprisonment, but is still a fugitive.

The New South Wales Government has brought in a Bill to facilitate and to legalise the obtaining of advances upon current accounts with the banks which have suspended payment. It provides for the issue to the banks against good security of non-negotiable Treasury bills in return for the release of half the amount of the current

THE NEW GUN-BOAT, H.M.S. SPEEDY.

Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft and Co. have built for the Royal Navy, in their yard at Chiswick, the largest war-vessel ever constructed on the banks of the Thames above London. This is the torpedo-carrying gun-boat Speedy, a first-class vessel similar to the Jason, designed by Mr. W. H. White, the Director of Naval Construction. The late First Lord of the Admiralty, with his wife, Lady George Hamilton, was present at the launching, when that lady performed the usual ceremony of "christening" with champagne and pulling a handle to let the vessel glide into the water. The length of the Speedy's hull is 230 ft. between uprights, with 27 ft. beam and 810 tons displacement at load-water draught. Her armament will be two 4.7 guns, in addition to smaller guns, and she has three torpedo-tubes, two training and one fixed forward. The estimated speed of the vessel is twenty-two knots, as compared with twenty knots, the speed of the Jason; her horse-power is 4500, and the great increase of power, which can be developed almost at a moment's notice, is the result of the use of the patent water-tube boilers invented by Mr. Thornycroft. The advantages claimed for them are ease and rapidity in generating steam, ability to stand all temperatures, small weight in comparison with other boilers, and absolute freedom from liability to leakage. The trial of the Speedy is looked for with some interest.

"OLD PARIS" AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

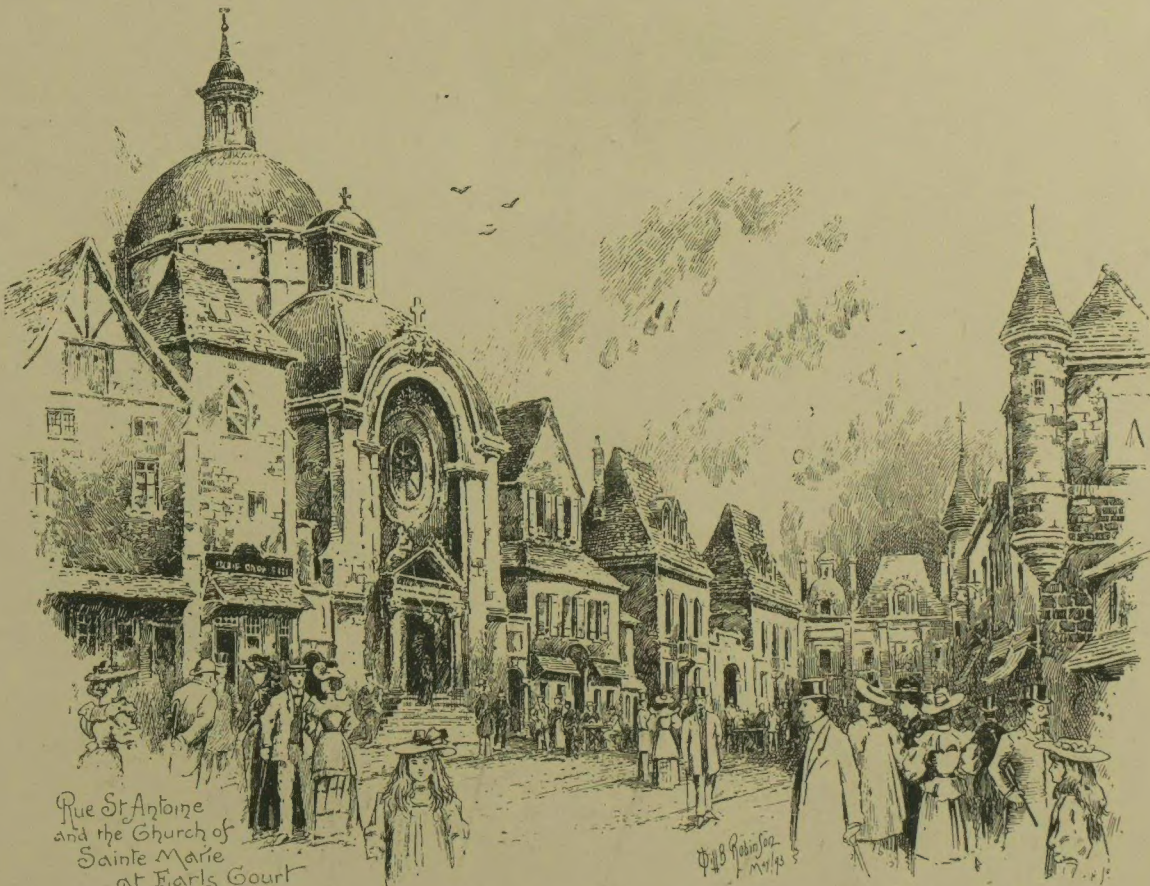
In the grounds and temporary buildings close to Earl's Court railway station, and extending to the West Brompton station, where the American, Italian, German, Spanish, and International Horticultural Exhibitions of former years took place, the Exhibition of Forestry and Gardening, opened by the Duke of York on May 13, affords one of the most agreeable resorts of the London season. But a secondary entertainment, in another part of the grounds, which was opened on May 18, presents features of popular interest wholly different in character, being an architectural representation of old streets, houses, churches, and that famous prison-fortress the Bastille, in Paris at the time of the great French Revolution, with the storming of the Bastille by the mob on July 14, 1789, narrated by Carlyle with so much force, and described by many other writers of history. The reproduction of those buildings, which have entirely disappeared in the modern transformation of Paris, is an instructive antiquarian study, and must recall powerful romantic, even tragical, associations with many striking incidents of the wild struggle of factions that overthrew the ancient monarchy of France. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, on Saturday, May 20, visited "Old Paris," and saw, also, in these grounds, Captain Paul Boyton's exhibition of aquatic feats and contrivances, which is an exciting spectacle.

EPSOM RACES: THE DERBY AND OAKS.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs, near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by certain direct trains to the Epsom Downs Station, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Special Fast Trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station. And, for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the Racecourse Station from all their principal stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.

Passengers will also be booked through to the Epsom Town Station by trains from Liverpool Street, Shoreditch, and East London Line stations, via New Cross and Peckham Rye Junctions.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 29, 30, and 31, and June 1, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, at the same fares as are charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations. Tickets to the Downs Station may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakin's Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race days, a special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket at 7.45 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 29, 30, and 31, and June 1, via Liverpool Street and the East London Line, direct to Epsom, arriving at 11.10 a.m. each day.



Rue St. Antoine and the Church of Sainte Marie at Earl's Court

"OLD PARIS" AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

accounts. The bills are to be redeemable when the reconstruction enables about £2,000,000 to be thus released. The interests of depositors outside the colony will be protected. Almost every bank in Queensland has now suspended payment.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MAY 27, 1893.

Thick Edition	2½d.
Thin Edition	1½d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.



"EDUCATION," PAINTING BY MELCHERS, FOR TYMPANUM ABOVE ENTRANCE TO THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

The question of Sunday opening has occupied the consideration of the National Commission. On Sunday, May 21, the Exhibition, or "Columbian World's Fair," was closed. It appears that the United States Government obtained all its votes of financial aid from Congress upon the condition of closing on Sundays. The average

daily number of visitors has been not more than 33,000. On the opening day, May 1, the sum of 346,643 dols. came from money paid at the entrance gates. A large sum is due for construction expenses. It seems doubtful whether this immense affair will prove a financial success. One of our Illustrations shows the scene outside

the buildings, looking over the grand artificial water-basin, on the opening day. The other is that of a work of external decoration, on the tympanum of the arch at the main entrance to the great Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. The design is symbolical of "Education"; it is painted by M. Melchers.



LOOKING OVER THE GRAND BASIN ON THE OPENING DAY.

THE REBEL. QUEEN

By

WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come, kiss me,
Sweet-and-Twenty.

FRANCESCA could have said more. She was conscious that she had stated her case badly; what she meant was to ask whether, should the world be suddenly presented with the Kingdom of Heaven subject to certain conditions of righteousness, the world would be found at once ready to comply with these con-

ditions, even to obtain so great a gift? Seeing that the offer is daily and hourly renewed to a heedless world, she thought that perhaps, even under these new conditions, it would not be accepted. Nay, the opening of every new way of approach to that blissful reign—such as freedom of speech and action, material ease and comfort, education, invention, and discovery—has only hitherto been used to block up the other end of that way of approach, and to divert the new road into a broad and handsome thoroughfare for the opposite, or hostile, Kingdom. She said no more then, but retreated, hoping for another conversation, and for what the preachers used to call enlargement of speech. Alas! That enlargement! For want of it we express our thoughts so feebly and understand each other so little!

She went back to the parlour. Here Nelly, who had finished washing up the breakfast cups, was collecting her music and tying it up. She had left off crying, but her eyes were too bright. There was a red spot on her cheek; she was too quick in her movements. She looked up and laughed—at nothing—not merrily, when Francesca appeared.

"You have had another sermon, then?" she said, and laughed again nervously.

"Can I help you in anything, Nelly? Are you sorting your music?"

"Yes. I am sorting all the music. Well, Francesca, I have shown you all I could—the synagogue and the people, everything except the slums—and you don't want to see them. You will tell Clara that I did what I could for you."

"Of course. But why, Nelly? You can tell Clara yourself."

"I don't know about that." Nelly shook her head. Then she laughed again—a little hysterical laugh, which ended in something very like a sob.

"Why, Nelly, what is the matter? You have not?"

"Nothing is the matter except a little headache. That is all. Only a little headache. Francesca, I have not been able to show you a Jewish wedding. Now that is something you would really like to see. To begin with, there is a beautiful velvet canopy, supported by four men, who are witnesses. There must be at least ten men present as witnesses. The parents of both bring the bride and bridegroom and place them under the canopy. The Chief Rabbi of the synagogue should be there, if possible, and the Chassan, or Reader. First they take a glass of wine and pray. Then the bride and bridegroom drink of the wine one after the other. Then the bridegroom puts the ring on the bride's finger and says, 'Beloved, thou art wedded to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel.' After that they read the marriage contract, and they drink more wine with benedictions. Then they break the glass, and the company all cry out together, wishing good luck to the newly married pair. And then they have a feast; as great a feast as they can afford: a feast that lasts for seven days sometimes. I should like you to be present at my wedding, Francesca; but that can't be, now."

Francesca looked up sharply. "What did Nelly mean?"

"The way these Christians get married," she went on, "is just dreadful. They needn't even have a prayer. There needn't be any witnesses. They needn't go to a church, and all they've got to do is to put their names down in a book; that's all." She shuddered. "It's a dreadful way to get married. All the same, it is a real marriage. The man can't get out of it afterwards, even if he wants to ever so much."

"Nelly, what do you mean? What have you done about Mr. Hayling?"

"That's all right. You'll very soon find out that it's all right, Francesca." Nelly, with an armful of music, stopped in her work and sat down in a chair. "I should have liked to talk it over with you. But I couldn't; you don't understand. You are not like other girls, you know. One would think you didn't want a lover—well"—for Francesca changed colour—

"of course you do, because, after all, with your fine manners and your stand-offishness—which I like in you—there's a woman under it all; but you don't talk about it as we do—me and my friends; we don't talk about anything else, except our things. So I had to settle it my own way, without taking your advice. I couldn't even advise with Clara, because she was dead against it all the time; so I had to settle it for myself. The long and the short of it all is, that I can't give him up, Francesca. Don't tell me that he is this and that; I know what he is just as well as you do, and I can't give him up—even for the sake of my father and my people and my religion."

"Oh! But, Nelly, think—consider; you will, at any rate, do nothing rash?"

"Oh! no"—she laughed again, "nothing rash; I can promise that."

She carried her music and her two banjos out of the room.

Had Francesca been like any of those other girls—Nelly's friends—she would have guessed by this sign what was going to be done. But she was not like other girls—love and courtship and marriage—least of all clandestine marriage—of these things she neither spoke nor thought. Nelly, however, had been spending a terrible time of struggle. She had to choose—many girls have had the same choice—between her lover and her People. Now, she was a Jewess—one to whom the choice means much more than to others. When a man left that ancient Faith, and afterwards changed his mind and returned to it—they made him, in former times, lie across the door, so that the faithful could step upon him and wipe their shoes upon him. In this way they testified to their horror of apostasy. What happened with a woman? In the good old times, she would be led out of the camp and stoned to death. And now? She would henceforward be to her People as one who is dead—and she would have to become a Christian. Now it is difficult, as we are constantly being told, for an Irish Catholic to become a Protestant; for a Scotch Presbyterian to become an Episcopalian; for a Pole to exchange the Church of Rome for the Church of the Czar; difficult, everywhere, to leave the patriotic creed for the

persecuting creed. But for a Jew to become a Christian is a thing ten times—a hundred times—more difficult. And Nelly must become a Christian if she ceased to be a Jewess.

Francesca, restless and oppressed with the possession of her great secret, and not able to think, just then, about Nelly's love affairs, put on her hat and went out to walk up and down the great highway. She stayed out for two hours. When she returned, about noon, she found Alma, the little handmaid, sitting on the stairs, and crying into her apron.

"Why, Alma," she said, "what is the matter?"

"She's gone, Miss. She sent her best love to you, and she's gone."

"Who has gone?"

"Miss Nelly, Miss. She took all her things and her



Ad. B. B. B.

Francesca, restless and oppressed with the possession of her great secret, put on her hat and went out to walk up and down the great highway.

banjoes, and her music, and everything, and she's gone away in a four-wheel cab. She told me to tell you, with her best love, that she was gone away to be married, and that she wasn't ever coming back again. Oh! Oh! Oh!" The child broke out into fresh crying.

"Gone away to be married?"

"Yes—Miss—with her best love, and she's never coming back any more."

"Did she say anything else?"

"She poured out a glass of sherry wine and she said would I drink some when she got into the cab and wish her joy and good luck and break the wineglass for luck—and I did! There's the bits—and would I throw a handful of rice after the cab for luck—and I did—for luck—and she said she'd left some letters in the parlour."

There were, in fact, three letters. One was for herself—Francesca; one was for Clara, and the other was for her father.

The first was as follows—

"Dear Francesca,—After what you have seen and heard, and after what I told you this morning, which was plain enough for any girl in the world except you to understand, you ought not to be surprised to hear that I've gone off with the man I love. I've tried to get over it, but it's no use. I can never be happy without him. So I am to meet him to-day at noon, and we are to be married at the Registrar's. It has all been arranged. He put up my name in proper order, only when it came to the last I was afraid to go, and it angered him. You saw how it angered him. He swore he would kill himself. Dear Francesca, how could I think of living, if I were to cause his suicide?"

"Dear Francesca, you were hard upon him the other day. All men want a girl to keep company with. Since I wouldn't have him, can I blame him for turning to you? Besides, he wasn't quite in his right mind. You'll forgive me for being jealous. And I am sure, now, that you didn't tempt him with looks. You couldn't do such a thing."

"Dear Francesca, you don't understand. You are too grand for us. You despise my boy because he isn't so proud and cold as you like. We don't expect our husbands to be angels. We take them as they are made for us, and we make the best of each other. If Anthony keeps steady, and won't drink, I have no fear for him. When a man takes to drink it's all over. But he won't, because the sight of his mother makes him sick. I shall keep him off the music-hall boards, because I've heard from the pupils what goes on in some of the places, and he sha'n't have the temptations of it. As for his talk about Parliament, that's only a dream. Let him dream, if it makes him happy. I mean to keep him at his place—steady—at the works."

"Dear Francesca, it was good of you to feel happy with me. You are a great deal too grand and wise for me to be quite at ease with you. But I've done my best, and now you don't want me any more. My father will be very angry. I do not know what he will say, but it will be too late for him to do anything. Come and see me soon. I am not afraid of you. As for my father, he will say dreadful things, but there's a saying, 'A thousand bad words never tore a shirt.' You will find the bunch of house-keys in the right-hand drawer in my bed-room. I'm afraid they are not much use to you, but there's nobody else to take them."

"Your loving

"NELLY (by the time you get this,
Nelly Hayling)."

She took the letter and the news to Emanuel.

"In the East," said Emanuel, "they lock up the girls in the Harem; they are never allowed to run about without an escort. That one of these girls should fall in love with a stranger is, therefore, impossible and unknown. It is partly by keeping up the Oriental custom of secluding the girls that we have kept the race apart. When such a girl as Nelly is left to receive young men as pupils, the next step is to receive one of them as a lover. Her father ought not to be surprised."

"What can we do?"

"Nothing. We do not know where her father is. I will go to Mortimer Street, if you like, and see Mr. Angelo. You can telegraph to her cousin, Clara. But the girl is married by this time. Nothing can alter that."

"I am afraid her father will be very angry. He is a passionate and a wilful man. Nelly was always afraid of him."

"He may be angry at first. He will probably use the language of great wrath. When he understands that he cannot alter things, he will accept them. Perhaps he will never forgive his daughter. Francesca, you must take pity upon this girl. She has been left too much alone. Before I came here she was sometimes left alone for months. She is taken away from all her friends by a young man who has no friends of his own to give her. The boy's father does not belong to our People, and his mother is a drunkard. Do not desert her. Go and see her in a few days. Be kind to her. Let her feel that she has one friend at least left. In time of trouble—with such a boy as that there is sure to be trouble—a woman, if she have no friends of her own sex, may fall into madness, and do things which can never afterwards be undone."

Emanuel went away on his errand. He returned in the afternoon. Mr. Angelo knew nothing about his brother's travels. He showed himself greatly moved by the news, and foretold unforgiving wrath on his brother's part. The girl, he said, had ceased to belong to the family. Henceforth her name should not be mentioned in his house. In the whole long history of his family no such apostacy had ever been known; and so on—what might have been expected.

Clara obeyed the telegram, and hurried to the house; but there was nothing to do but to wait. How long would they have to wait before they would find out the father's address? Neither Emanuel, nor Clara, nor Francesca knew anything about the Turf, or they would have understood that so well known a man as Mr. Sydney Bernard would be certain on such and such a day to be at such and

such a place. There could be no doubt of it. This, however, they did not understand.

"It may be weeks," said Clara, "before he comes home again. Oh! we must find him somehow. My father must help to find him. He does not write to Nelly for weeks together sometimes. It's a shame! The poor girl was left alone in the house, with no one but her pupils and this little girl. No wonder she got to thinking foolishness! And such a conceited stick of half a man, too! How a girl can throw herself away upon such an object! No money, and no brains. Poor Nelly!"

Presently they took a tearful tea, and fell to talking of things sorrowful—the temptations which surround and beset every pretty girl—that admirable arrangement of the Oriental veil for the baffling of the tempter, and so forth.

When it grew dark, they lit candles and became more gloomy. Then Emanuel joined them, but he was silent, and at sight of him, Francesca was reminded of the Great Discovery. Strange! She was one of the Conspiracy about to revolutionise the world—nothing short of that stupendous fact!—and she had forgotten it in the absorbing interest of this case of a vulgar Romeo and a lower middle-class Juliet! The incongruity made her smile. Afterwards, she made some admirable reflections on the vast importance of the individual soul. But she did not put these reflections into words.

Emanuel sat with them, his legs crossed upright in his chair. The two girls whispered.

Suddenly they heard outside, distinct above the patter of the strolling feet, the quick, sharp beat of a man's foot. It stopped at the door. The door was opened with a key; the man stepped into the narrow hall.

"Good Heavens!" whispered Clara; "it is my uncle's step. He's the only man who has a latch-key. Who has told him? Why has he come here? Francesca—Emanuel—help me; stand by me; he will blame me—oh!"

For the door opened, and Mr. Sydney Bernard himself strode in. He greeted no one; he scowled on the assembled company; his face was dark; it was distorted, apparently with wrath. Heaven help his daughter! Someone must have told him.

"Where is Nelly?" he asked roughly.

CHAPTER XXX.

'Tis not strange

That even our loves should with our fortunes change.—*Hamlet*.

They all three stood up as in the presence of Misfortune.

"Uncle," cried Clara, "who has told you? Have you heard?"

"Don't ask silly questions. I've heard enough to make ten men sick."

"Have you had a letter, then?"

"Letters? What is the girl talking about? There will be letters enough to-morrow, and next day, and the day after that. Letters? Ay, and telegrams, telephones, messages; people who will sit down on the office doorstep. They'd come here if they knew. Oh! There will be plenty. Where the devil is Nelly?"

"You say you have heard—and yet—you ask—where she is?"

"Clara," Francesca whispered, "he is thinking of something else. Some dreadful misfortune has happened. Look at his face."

"Sydney Bernard"—Emanuel laid his hand upon his shoulder—"you have come home in great trouble. I know not the extent of your trouble."

"Extent? Why—all the world will guess it to-night, and will know it to-morrow. It is Ruin—Ruin—Ruin."

"Ruin? Yet there are Ruins which may be repaired. If it is only money."

"Only money?—only money? Fool! What is there beside money?"

Emanuel stepped back. "What is there," he repeated sadly, "beside money? Man—there is the whole world beside money. Is money all you desire or all you dread? At this moment—this very moment—you will be rebuked. Can a man be struck in no other way?"

"None that he will feel so much," said Mr. Bernard.

"Tell him, Clara," said Emanuel.

"Here is a letter for you, uncle." Clara gave him the letter.

He snatched it from her, glaring round like a hunted man. "Ruin!" he repeated; "and this blamed Fool asks if it is only money! I am lost. What do you understand about Ruin, and Loss, and Dishonour—you—Dreamer? You know, Clara, what it means. Go home and tell your father that it is all over. I've been broke a dozen times, but never like this before. I have got over many blows, but this is death. Tell your father that it's thousands upon thousands; far too big a thing for me to go to him about it; and as for money to meet them all—it's this way." He pulled his pockets inside out; they were empty. "That's all. Ruin! Ruin! Ruin! Where's Nelly? I want her to pack up all I've got. I must cross the water this very evening. Boulogne for me, for the present."

"Read the letter," said Emanuel.

He took the letter and looked at it, but without reading a word. His mind was elsewhere; he was full of his own trouble. "What are you doing—you three—staring at me? It hasn't got into the papers yet, I suppose? Well? What d'ye mean—all of you? I haven't murdered any one. There've been other defaulters before me; yet that doesn't make it any better for me. You—what's your name—with your talk about money; if you're one of Us you love the gambling of it, and the sport of it; else, how can you be one of Us? Well, there's to be no more sport for me. I can never show my face—never be seen in Fleet Street—never again. And as for a racecourse, why, I've seen 'em warned off; I've seen 'em run for it. I've seen 'em gayed while they ran. And now to remember those unlucky sportsmen, and to think of myself!"

"Read the letter," Emanuel repeated.

"Where's Nelly? Where's my girl?" he asked, looking round helplessly.

"Read the letter." Emanuel took it from his hands and held it before his face. "Read I say. You will know then where Nelly is."

At last he read it. First, his mind, still full of his other trouble, without comprehending one word of it. He read it again. This time with bewilderment. He read it a third time and handed the letter without a word to Clara.

"It is true, uncle. She left the house at twelve o'clock to-day, telling the girl she was going to be married. She took her box with her, and her instruments, and music, except the piano, and she said she was not coming back any more. She's married to a young man named"—

"Read it for me," he said. "I don't seem able to understand to-night somehow. It's—it's—the other business—I suppose."

Clara read it.

"Dear Father,—When you get this letter I shall be married. I am going to marry a Christian. I am sure you

would never consent, so I have told you nothing about it. When you are able to understand that all my happiness is concerned with this marriage, I hope you will forgive me. Meantime I am afraid you will be angry. I am to remain in any religion that I like. Since it is my happiness, I hope you will be able to forgive me.—Your affectionate daughter,

"NELLY."

"Is it true?" he asked helplessly. "Is it true? Nelly—my Nelly—married to a Christian? What does it mean at all? Why did she do it? Is it true?"

"It is quite true, uncle. She is married to a man named"—

"Silence! I will hear no more. She is married to a Christian!" He laid his hand upon his forehead, "I was thinking of the other thing. I am ruined. My money is gone, and my name. I am lost. I came home, thinking to tell my child that her father was a pauper—perhaps she had a pound or two to spare—I thought that she would cry a little, and comfort me a little—it's something for a man to creep home and hear words that mean nothing—hopes when there is not any hope, praise when the whole sky is ringing with curses! And I come home—and she is dead—dead. My daughter is dead—my child—my Preciada—my Nelly—she is dead!"

The ruined bookmaker looked about him with the dignity of this double misfortune. No one said anything; no one moved; he was bereft of money, name, and child—all gone together.

"She is dead," he repeated; "but there is no body: there is no shroud wanted. The watcher of Death is not in the house: there will be no funeral. We shall not sit in a circle and eat the funeral eggs." He drew a knife from his pocket, opened the blade, and pulling his coat round with his left hand, cut through the right side of his coat a hand's breadth with the knife. "Lo!" he said. "My daughter is dead, and for her sake I rend my garments. My daughter—my Preciada—my Nelly—my pretty girl—is dead and buried. Let the lighted candle and the basin of water be placed in her room for the purification of her soul. She is buried—but not among her people! She is dead—among the Gentiles. We have broken our fast together after the funeral; we have said Kodesh to deliver her soul—but no, her soul is lost. Let us mourn for the dead after the manner of our religion."

In the old days the mourners sat on the ground without shoes; in that position they received the condolences of their friends. So sat Job after his misfortunes. Mr. Bernard did not take off his boots, nor did he sit upon the floor. For an elderly man to sit on the floor without his boots may be Oriental, but it is no longer dignified. Mr. Bernard sat in a chair in the middle of the room; he sat in silence, with folded hands and bowed head.

They left him there; they went out into the garden and sat awhile. Then the girls went to bed, leaving Emanuel alone.

In the morning they found the mourner still sitting in the same place. Had he passed the night there? They left him there undisturbed, and took their breakfasts in the kitchen. And all the blinds of every window were pulled down, so that the neighbours might know that Death was among them. All day long he stayed there. They sent food to him. Next morning he was still there sitting silent in his chair.

"He has lost," said Emanuel, "more than his daughter. He is in mourning for what, as he said blasphemously, he should feel more than anything else. He is thinking how he can get back again to his old life. It does him good to be alone and to think."

For four days the bereaved father sat in the place of mourning. But no friends came. None of them, in fact, knew the private residence of Mr. Sydney Bernard—which, for many reasons, he did not disclose to his friends of the Turf. Had they known, the private residence would have been besieged, and the week of mourning would have met with scant respect. For behold! It was a time in which the friends of this bookmaker inquired after him in vain. He was broken. That was pretty certain. It was rumoured that he could not, by many thousands, meet his engagements. Loud were the curses of those who had lost their money, or had lost their winnings. Many gallant craft, manned by bold bookmakers, went down in that fearful season, when nothing came off for the unhappy bookmakers, and every race was a race for the backer, and the favourites romped in gaily. The shore was strewn with wreck and broken timbers. And the bookmakers—what became of them? Go ask of the evening breeze—the cold breeze of December—when it blows chill and eager across the lonely Heath of Newmarket. You may hear the voice of their shades—their pale ghosts—in that evening breeze—lamenting the fatal run which laid them low. It was well for Mr. Sydney Bernard that he was nowhere seen abroad at this bad time. He vanished. No one knew that he was mourning the death of a beloved daughter. Men whispered that he was in retreat—that he had been seen by victims at Boulogne, at Brussels, at Ostend.

For four long days he sat in dignity and silence in that front parlour, no longer the pupil room. Clara remained to lend any assistance that might be wanted. They all, except the mourner, continued to take their meals in the kitchen. It was a time of silence, except for whispers and for the sobs of Alma. The meals were in no way festive. Otherwise, it was mourning without grief.

"I cannot go to see her," said Clara, "without my father's leave. After a bit he will give it, and then I will go. But you can go, Francesca. Poor Nelly! And after all, to marry such a Jackanapes! If I did marry a Christian, it should be a decent sort. But that fellow? Oh!"

And during these days there was no talk at all of the Great Invention.

For four days the mourner occupied that chair in solemn silence. He sat in it all day long. Perhaps he sat in it all night long as well, for they found him there in the morning, and left him there in the evening.

"Why does he make all this pretence?" asked Francesca. "Surely it is enough to say, once for all, that she is dead."

"The Law," said Emanuel, "commands that a daughter of Israel shall marry in her father's tribe; it is the Law. If the Law is broken the guilty woman is outside the Law. In ancient days she would be stoned. Of many Jewesses it is related that they have been seduced from their religion by Christian lovers; terrible things have been told of the wrath and revenge of their own people; how one was captured and taken home to have her nose cut off, and so sent back disfigured to her lover; and another, the mistress of a Crusader, to whom a Jew was a name of horror, was denounced by her own brother as a Jewess to her lover, who handed her over to be burned alive."

"Emanuel, for Heaven's sake spare me."

"The Chronicles of your People are not all of meekness and submission, child. When a Jewess leaves the Faith she is dead by the Law. This man follows the ancient custom, though the Law is no longer maintained in its pristine rigour."

"Well," said Francesca, "I think it would be more dignified for Nelly's father to give over this foolish pretence of

mourning, and more simple to say, if he means it, that he would speak to his daughter no more."

On the fourth day, however, the mourning was brought to a sudden stop. And that in a very surprising and unexpected manner.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Francesca, with the aid of the little maid (who moved about on tiptoe, spoke in whispers, as if in the presence of death, and from time to time sat down to cry in the corner of her apron), had just completed a fruit pie for dinner—a pie containing red currants and raspberries, which is an excellent dish, especially when it is served as the Christians have it, with cream or milk. As the Chosen People take their fruit pies without milk, it is not so good. The task despatched, she mounted the kitchen stairs, and looked out of the garden door. Through the hanging branches of the Virginia creeper, she saw Emanuel sitting as usual at his bench at work, bareheaded in the hot July sun. Since the disaster of Nelly's elopement she had said nothing of the Discovery. From the parlour there came voices: someone was with the Mourner. It was a loud and cheery voice. Now when Eliphaz the Temanite, and the other comforters visited Job the Mourner, they spoke in hushed voice, and with bated breath. Then the parlour door was thrown open, and Mr. Sydney Bernard came forth briskly.

"Alma," he shouted down the kitchen stairs. "Pull up your blinds below; open the window. Come upstairs and pull up all the blinds, and open all the windows."

"What do you mean, Mr. Bernard?" cried Francesca, turning round in astonishment. "Are the days of mourning over? Have you forgiven Nelly? Is she restored to life?"

"We have mourned enough. As for forgiving we will see presently. I am going away with my brother. I don't know when I shall come back." He replied in short, abrupt sentences, and hurried back to the parlour, shutting the door carefully behind him. Something had happened to change his religious gloom into a mood resembling the opposite.

What happened, in fact, was as follows. His brother, the dealer of Mortimer Street, came to see him.

"Nelly is dead," said Mr. Bernard, looking up. "My daughter Preciada is dead."

"Ay, ay. This is as it should be. Yes. I know all about it. Brother, haven't you mourned long enough? Come, we are not Rabbis. Perhaps when you have heard what I have found out, you will get up and go out and give over mourning, and look cheerful again."

"I can never look cheerful again. Did not Clara tell you? It is not only that Nelly is dead. I am ruined. I may just as well stay here, where none of them will find me. I've been thinking all the time what to do. I can think here. But I see no way out of it. My name is gone. I am ruined, brother."

"I know all about that, too. Now, Sydney, you know I don't talk wild about money, so listen. If I show you how to win back your name and your credit again as good as ever, and better—much better—without any loss to you of name or reputation, wouldn't you give over this sackcloth and ashes? Not but what you've done the right thing, brother."

Sydney Bernard sat upright in his chair. Then, being rather stiff, after sitting with bowed head and round shoulders upon a little cane-bottomed chair for four days and four nights, or thereabouts, he rose slowly, and stretched himself, rubbing his legs as one grooms a horse.

"No, brother," he said. "You are certainly not one of those who talk wild about money; you know better. What is it you mean?"

Mr. Angelo pulled up the blind of the darkened room, and threw open the window. Then he sat down in the chair of the mourner, and began to talk.

"Nelly is married," he said, "to a certain Anthony Hayling."

"I don't want to hear his name," interrupted the injured father. "Don't mention him to me or the girl either."

"Let me tell the story my own way. When it is told you shall have your look in. It's worth telling, as you will acknowledge. Anthony Hayling, five days ago, when he married Nelly, was clerk in some Chemical Works. He is now dismissed for incompetence. He has, therefore, no employment for the present, and no means. That's a good beginning for the married pair, isn't it? The young man is the only son of one Anthony Hayling, Editor and Proprietor of an insignificant paper called the *Friend of Labour*. His mother is a drunken drab, neither more nor less, whom his father married at Poplar when he was playing at being a sailor before the mast. But his father—listen now—is a superior kind of man, as I said; he has been a common sailor; for many years he was a sailor, first a common sailor before the mast, then a mate on a sailing-ship. I believe she was in the currant and Levant line, and she was owned by one of us, from whom I learned these particulars. Now it isn't usual, is it, for a common sailor to become editor of a paper. I've got some copies of the paper. It is full of ideas, and practical

ideas, too." Mr. Angelo laughed softly. "To think of the pains and trouble taken just in trying to persuade the working man of the simplest things, and all to no purpose! For he is a Fool, and he remains a Fool. And we, who carry the bag, reap the fruits of his Foolishness. However, there we are. Common sailor, mate in a sailing-ship in the Levant trade, editor of a Labour paper, man with large ideas, philanthropist if you like, man with the manners and the language and the bearing of a gentleman—that is the father of your son-in-law. As for the boy himself, he is a weak, poor creature, vain and shallow. He will give trouble."

"Go on. I am listening."

"I first saw the paper in Emanuel's hands. He wrapped up some of his work in it. I looked at it, and asked him how he came by it. He told me that the Editor was an old friend of his—Emanuel knows half the world—and that he had been once a sailor. Also that he was not a common sailor, but one who could think and speak. 'So,' says I, 'what is the name of this uncommon sailor?' 'Anthony Hayling,' says Emanuel. I thought very little more about it till I heard the news of Nelly's marriage. Whom was she married to? Anthony Hayling; Anthony Hayling. Rather odd Christian name for father and son both to have, isn't it? And then—you know in my line of business it is always useful to know something of the peerage—I remembered that there was an Earl of Hayling

Street; one was an old clerk in the office; one was a partner. I took the clerk with me. I drove in a cab to the office; I planted him on the kerb outside the office, and told him to look in and watch, and say nothing. I went in, and presently brought out my man to the door in conversation. 'Did you see him?' I asked the clerk when we walked away. 'I did,' says he. 'Who is he?' I asked. 'He's the Earl of Hayling,' says the clerk. 'Will you swear it,' I asked. 'Anywheres,' he says. So I drove him home again. Now, brother, the next thing was to find out that the Earl was married, and where. Five-and-twenty years ago he was a common merchantman's sailor. Where would he be married? There are only half-a-dozen places—Poplar, Shadwell, Wapping, Limehouse, Stepney—not many more. I tried Poplar first, and there I found the marriage. He was married in the church. 'Anthony Hayling, sailor, to Phoebe Dickson, spinster.' And a year later the baptism of Anthony, son of Anthony and Phoebe Hayling. There is no doubt whatever. Your son-in-law, brother, is none other than the Viscount Selsey, son and heir of the Right Honourable the Earl of Hayling, and your daughter is the Viscountess Selsey—Lady Selsey."

"Is this true? Are you quite—quite sure. Is it really true?"

"It is quite true. Moreover, the estate is worth—I don't know, landed property isn't what it was—thirty thousand a year, perhaps, nominal rent-roll. And for a good many years this has been piling up. There may be a quarter of a million or more by this time. There's a Mr. Harold Alleyne—fellow who wants to marry Francesca here—his father was a brother of the Earl, and was allowed to enjoy the estates until he died. Accumulations? I should think so! Very good. Now I didn't stop there. I went round to see the boy. Pretty low I found him, with his wife crying. So I wasted no time. I told him that you were infuriated. I made him understand that you could, if you chose, follow him wherever he went. And then I hinted at what might be done. Finally, I made him agree to a certain proposal. If, by my means or your means, he should find himself placed in a position of competence or ease, he would pay all your liabilities—his father-in-law's liabilities—due at the present day in gratitude. He's of age, and he signed, and I witnessed and brought the paper away. We may, perhaps, get it put so as to look better, but it's safe—that's the main thing. And now, brother, you are prepared to forgive that dear girl when she's acknowledged to be Lady Selsey, and becomes an ornament of the British Aristocracy. Brother! He's a Christian—and he's a Fool—but it's a real lift for the family, isn't it?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Bernard replied slowly. "It certainly seems to make a difference. Do you think that money will come along in time? One mustn't keep 'em waiting much longer."

"When a girl runs off with a pauper," said his brother, "that's one thing; when she runs off with a noble lord, that's another. Now, look here; I'm so certain that it's all right, that I'm going to take you right away to your own office in Bouverie Street. You will come up smiling. You

will invite all the people you know to come up. I've got my cheque book, and I'll draw the cheques for you as fast as you like. You can send word by messenger—by post—telegraph—that the money is all right. And I've got an advertisement for you. See"—he pulled out his pocket-book and produced a paper. "Mr. Sydney Bernard begs to inform his friends that a sudden illness has incapacitated him from attending to business during the last four or five days. He has now returned, and can be found at the usual place." How's that?"

"Brother," said Mr. Bernard, "you're not only the lucky one of the family, but you deserve your luck."

"Lucky one? Why, what do you call yourself? Father of the Viscountess Selsey, who is daughter-in-law of the Right Honourable the Earl of Hayling? Me the lucky one? Why—I can leave Clara a hundred thousand when I go, and yet I don't believe I could get so much as a Baronet for her. Now come with me. Carry it off with a good bold air. You ruined? You a defaulter? Stuff and rubbish! Have up the champagne. Pour it out like water. All a mistake—all that infernal knock over—congestion of the liver. Hit hard? Not a bit of it. Didn't do well—naturally, nobody did. But a blow like that is easy met. Come, brother."

"I think," said Mr. Sydney Bernard, getting his hat, "that it would be sinful not to forgive the poor girl under the circumstances. I've done what is right. I mourned for her."

"And I will say this, brother. You have shown a very proper and becoming spirit. It looked at first as if it was a monstrous Family Disgrace. As such you treated it. We are now, however, allied to the English Aristocracy. We shall all mount, brother. We shall mount higher by this fortunate alliance. But the boy is an arrant Fool. And oh!" he grasped his brother's hand, "think of the old place and the old days in Middlesex Street! Only think! Money and the Cromwell Road for me—the House of Lords for you or your daughter, which is the same thing. Wonderful! And the father and the old grandfather still in the little shop with the bundles of sticks! Wonderful, I call it!"

(To be continued.)



"She took all her things and her banjos and her music, and she's gone away in a four-wheel cab."

who went away from his estates twenty years ago, came back once about fifteen years ago, and is reported to have been seen somewhere Limehouse way; but this is uncertain. His Christian name was Anthony. His father's and his grandfather's name was Anthony. Now do you begin to suspect what is coming?"

"Do you mean to tell me that this boy is the son of"—

"Wait. The things put together worked upon me so that I had no rest till I went down myself to the office of the paper. Fortunately, the Editor was in the shop. I bought a copy, and I had a little talk with him. Brother, you know a gentleman when you see him? To be sure you do. You've learned it in your way of business. So have I. We both have to do with gentlemen. The thing can't be made by spending a few thousands, can it? A man gets rich, but he don't become a gentleman that way, does he? Some of our People think he can, but you and I know better. It's a mistake. You can't make a gentleman all at once, spend as much money as you like upon him."

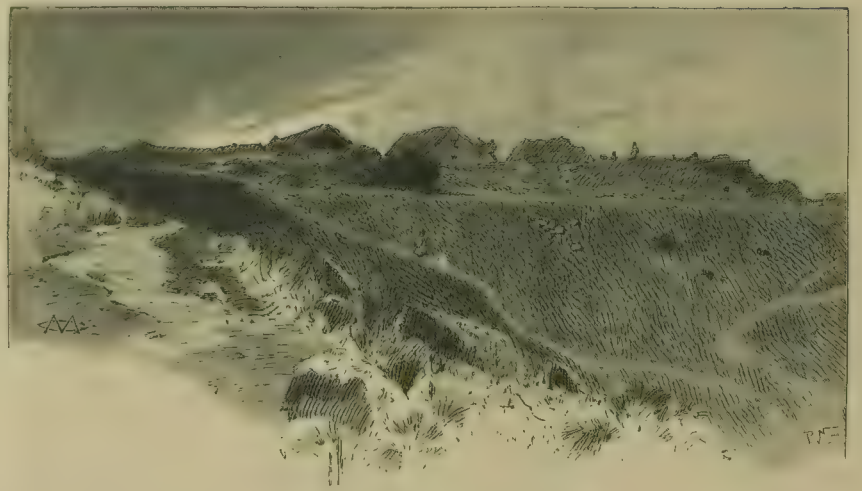
"I know a gentleman," said the Bookmaker, "as soon as I see him. Sometimes he's a Juggins. Sometimes he's a Leg; yet a gentleman. Go on."

"The Editor of the paper is a gentleman. Very good. So I went straight to the Earl's solicitors, whom I found without much trouble, and I asked if they knew anybody who could identify the Earl. There were three men at least within reach, besides any number of his old tenants and people. One was his old valet, who has now got a public house close to Jermyn

A JOURNEY IN MOROCCO: SKETCHES BY G. MONTBARD.



ONE OF THE GATES OF ARZILAH.



VILLAGE IN THE GHARBIA.



THE BAB EL MAGHOEN, LARACHE.



THE DJEBEL-SUSA.



LARACHE.



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

SIR JOHN GILBERT'S GIFT TO THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY, LONDON.



A BISHOP.



"EGO ET REX MEUS": HENRY VIII. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY.



WAR: AFTER THE BATTLE.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

GRASMERE AND KESWICK.

O Wordsworth! we receive but what we give,
And in our lives alone does Nature live.

Original Version of "Ode to Dejection,"—S. T. C.

At the close of 1799 Coleridge, after his return from his first tour in the Lake country, settled with his wife and child in London. The translation of "Wallenstein" and occasional articles for the *Morning Post* kept him hard at work during January and February 1800. Early in March Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley left London for Stowey and Bristol, and Coleridge for a short time shared lodgings with Lamb in Pentonville. By April he had almost finished "Wallenstein," and partly by way of a well-earned holiday, and partly to seek for a home near Wordsworth, he made his way to Grasmere. He was staying with Wordsworth, at Dove Cottage, when he wrote the following letter to Southey—

LETTER XIV.

To Robert Southey—

Thursday, April, 1800.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—If you stay longer than the year on the Continent, I and mine will join you, and if you return at that time, you must join us. Where we shall be, God knows! but in some interesting country it will be, in Heaven or Earth! I feel assurances and comfortable hopes of your full recovery. Of all that you have written to me I need not say I will be the performer if needs be—and so help me God and my conscience, all yours shall be to me as my very own. My next I will direct to Lisbon. In a few days I move for Bristol. I have been in excessive perplexity of mind lately on sundry subjects, and have besides overworked myself—but all will be calm again. Of your "History of Portugal" I anticipate great things, it is a noble subject and of a certain sale. But still, Southey! be ever a Poet in your higher moments. I will find out some Lisbon merchant in London or Liverpool, and manage to send you regularly what is interesting, without expense. Wordsworth publishes a second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*. He meditates a novel, and so do I, but first I shall rewrite my *Tragedy*. If that Reverend Sir* continues his insolence, I will give him a *scourging* that shall flea (*sic*) him. I *promise* you to exert myself to procure subscriptions for the *Chatterton*. I have ample materials for a most interesting historical and metaphysical essay on *Literary Forgery*, from the Hymns of Orpheus, which deceived Aristotle, to the Vortigern of Shakespeare, that deceived Dr. Parr—but Dr. Parr was the greater booby! I cannot wholly approve of your "*Anthologizing*"; but you judge, I will believe, wisely. My objections are various, and one of them of a moral nature. But on all this I will write.

Edith! My love! May God in Heaven bless you!

The time returns upon me, Southey! when we dreamt our dream, and that a glorious one—when we ate together, and thought each other greater and better than all the world beside. Those days can never be forgotten, and till they are forgotten we cannot, if we would, cease to love each other.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Amblesides (*sic*), Westmoreland.

LETTER XV.

To Thomas Poole—

August 14, 1800.

MY DEAR POOLE,—Your two letters I received exactly four days ago—some days they must have been lying at Ambleside before they were sent to Grasmere, and some days at Grasmere before they moved to Keswick. . . . It grieved me that you had felt so much from my silence. Believe me, I have been harassed with business and shall remain so for the remainder of this year. Our house is a delightful residence, something less than half a mile from the lake of Keswick and something more than a furlong from the town. It commands both that lake and the lake of Bassenthwaite. Skiddaw is behind us; to the left, the right, and in front mountains of all shapes and sizes. The waterfall of Lodore is distinctly visible. In garden, &c., we are uncommonly well off, and our landlord, who resides next door in this twofold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours—and perhaps rather larger—well stored with encyclopædias, dictionaries, and histories, etc., all modern. The gentry of the country, titled and untitled, have all called or are about to call on me, and I shall have free access to the magnificent library of Sir Gilfrid Lawson. I wish you could come here in October after your harvesting, and stand godfather at the christening of my child. In October the country is in all its blaze of beauty.

We are well and the Wordsworths are well. The two volumes of the "*Lyrical Ballads*" will appear in about a fortnight or three weeks. Sara sends her best kind love to your mother. How much we rejoice in her health I need not say. Love to Ward, and to Chester, to whom I shall write as soon as I am at leisure. I was standing at the very top of Skiddaw by a little shed of slate stones on which I had scribbled with a bit of slate my name among the other names. A lean-expression-faced man came up the hill, stood beside me a little while, then, on running over the names, exclaimed, "Coleridge! I lay my life that is the poet Coleridge!" God bless you, and for God's sake never doubt that I am attached to you beyond all other men.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

OVER HELVELLYN.

O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,
How lightly then it flashed along!

Early Version of "Youth and Age,"—S. T. C.

In Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal for "Sunday, 29th" (August 1800) there is the following entry: "At eleven

* The Reverend Sir Herbert Croft, who, in answer to some charges with regard to the publication of *Chatterton's* letters, had attacked Southey in a pamphlet.

o'clock Coleridge came when I was walking in the still, clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. We sat and chatted till half-past three. . . . Coleridge reading a part of "Christabel." Talked much about the mountains, etc."—"Life of Wordsworth," Vol. I., p. 269.

The following extract from Coleridge's Journal for Sunday, Aug. 31 (1800) (Coleridge is right as to the date), describes the latter part of his ramble over the mountains. He is writing as he walks, and jots down every fresh aspect of the scene as it comes in view—

"What a scene of horrible desolateness the ascent is! so scarified with peat-holes; on its left running down into white cliffs—Whiteside, I suppose. This place is evidently



HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ETAT. TEN.

Helvellyn Top. (As I ascended [N.B.] a perilous morassy bit of level, impassable certainly in less dry weather.) The whole of Bassenthwaite and the vale of Keswick behind me, but on my left, Ulswater, a mirror, the whole Z—passed by the ragged stones on the top, scorious as the dross of a smelting-house. The evening now lating, I had resolved to pass by it, but Nature twitched me at my heart-strings. I ascended it, thanks to her, thanks to her! What a scene! Nothing behind me! as if it would be an affront to that which fronts me! Two complete reaches of Ulswater, then a noble Tongue of a Hill (Glenridding Screes, where the king of Patterdale keeps his goats) intercepts by me, and then I see it again—about one half of the Patterdale Reach with its two vales—and away up in the mountains to the right two Tarns—and close on my right those precipices stained with green amid their nakedness, and ridges, tents embracing semicircles. I front to them—there are two, and there is a narrow ridge between them. I will go up it—descended. As I bounded down, noticed the moving stones under the soft moss pushing my feet. Ascend a hill, bright yellow, green, and regain Bassenthwaite, Skiddaw, Saddleback.

"Am now at the top of Helvellyn, a pyramid of stones. Ulswater, Thirlmere, Bassenthwaite, Windermere, a Tarn in Patterdale.

"Travelling along the ridge, I came to the other side of those precipices, and down below me on my left—no, no!



DOVE COTTAGE, WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT GRASMERE.

No words can convey any idea of this prodigious wilderness—that precipice—its ridge sharp as a jagged knife, level so long, and then ascending so boldly. What a frightful bulgy precipice I stand on, and to my right hand the crag which corresponds to the other! How it plunges down like a waterfall, reaches a level steepness, and again plunges!

"The moon above Fairfield almost at the full—now descended over a perilous peat moss, then down a hill of stones—all dark and darkling—I climbed stone after stone down a half-dry torrent, and came out at the Raise Gap. And, O my God! how did that opposite precipice look in the moonshine!—its name Steel Crag!"

(To be continued.)

"REVIEWERS' COPIES."

BY ANDREW LANG.

Concerning Mr. Bludyer, the reviewer, Thackeray says that he would impound a book from a trembling tradesman's counter, "cut it up" in the *Tomahawk*, and then sell it for a slight ransom. A casual glance at a stray number of the *Speaker* suggests that, as Mr. Locker says—

This kind of thing
Is always going on.

Somebody—probably an author—finds books stamped with the mark of presentation by a publisher on sale in shops "quite uncut," or, rather, with unopened pages. The inference, I presume, is that the wicked reviewer criticises the books without even "cutting the leaves and smelling the paper-knife," and then sells the volumes, perhaps for a bottle of brandy. This may very well be a correct inference in some cases. Books are sent, I don't know why, to crowds of papers which have not a man of letters on their staffs, or, if a man of letters they possess, he is a bad man of letters. Anyone can see that most of the snippets on new books are written by people who have never read more than the preface of each work, if so much, who are as ignorant of the subject handled as of the Quichua language, who have no interest in the said subject, and whose trifles of "notice" are not worth a rotten nut. Why these people are employed at all, why publishers send books to papers which treat books in this way, are mysterious questions. At all events, this is the manner of reviewing books for the most part—at least, if the books are not novels or wallets of contemporary gossip. A novel must be looked at; some pages must be cut; and gossip is extracted with scissors, so the book can scarcely be sold.

But, granting that books presented by the publishers are sold, uncut, does it follow that reviewers sold them? Are the books the property of the reviewers? Are they not, in many cases, the property of the editor or the proprietor of the serial to which they are sent? Are they not returned to him by the critic, who is only too glad to have a place where literary rubbish may be shot? There are reviewers who do not sell books, not being tradesmen, and who are sadly at a loss for a means of getting rid of contemporary trash. It is seldom worth giving away to a public or free library. Poetry and other rubbish should not be shot at free libraries. If the editor or proprietor of a paper or other serial will not allow the stuff to be carted back to him, a reviewer must get rid of it somehow. Probably he gives it to his servants, who, again, possibly sell it for waste-paper. That would account for such books coming back into the market; but the kind of critic we have in our minds cuts the pages of the trash about which he is obliged to say something. The uncut "review copies" are the difficulty. Well, probably many reviewers do not open the pages of what they scribble a few platitudes about. Why should they? They know nothing, and want to know nothing, and can "do their darg" by scrawling about twelve lines of general remarks, personal twaddle, reminiscences of some other review, or—what you please. Then they can sell the book—if it is their property—in a nice, clean condition. There is nothing at all astonishing about this. Do most brief reviews seem to have been written by a critic who has read the work before him? Undeniably the notices make no such impression. The critic scarcely pretends to have gone beyond the headings of chapters. That he should afterwards sell the books is not an additional villainy. Why should he keep them? He is not a bookish man. The strange thing is not that a hasty lack should be ignorant, careless, and anxious to make sixpence, but that books should be sent for review to journals in which this kind of work is tolerated. This is the sort of thing: "Mr. Jones again obliges the world with a treatise on the Renaissance in Portugal, a subject of which he is an acknowledged master. As usual, Mr. Jones displays scholarship and culture, and his researches have obviously been a labour of love. His book, which we recommend to readers interested in the topic, is copiously illustrated by photo-lithographotypes from monuments of Portuguese architecture."

This is perfectly harmless, and even kindly. The publisher, if he likes, can extract a piece of it and print it in his advertisements. The criticism tells the author nothing whatever; it corrects not, nor informs, nor improves. But it can easily be written, and a great deal more of the same kind can be written without cutting a page of a book on the Renaissance in Portugal. After that—and that is plain and manifest to all men—why should the book not be sold by its spirited proprietor? If he has the book in freehold, as it were, his worthy editor does not know (except by way of inference) that he has not cut its pages. But, methinks, if the book returns to the editor, and he finds it uncut, he will be apt to say to that critic, "Never more be officer of mine."

If these remarks enlighten any author, and seem to him to cast a new and lurid glare on the mystery of criticism, he must be a very innocent person, and unacquainted with the hollowness of the world. By looking around he can easily see that some periodicals review books as if books were things in which the writers are interested. These writers, he may be certain, cut the pages of the volumes they receive, and he may also infer that they are not dealers in second-hand wares. But as for the papers which bestow empty valueless snippets of remark on modern literature, why should he disquiet himself in vain because their young men do not cut his pages and do sell his volumes, perhaps? If they do it is no great matter. Of course, the presence in shops of uncut books with the publisher's stamp does not really prove the crime. Several copies may come into one man's hands for a variety of reasons. He may have bought one copy and received another for review. The publisher may have given him a copy, another may have been entrusted to him by an editor. These things may explain the circumstances, but that some notices are written by persons who have never read the volume observed upon is manifest, and very likely they do sell the book which they have never assailed with the paper-knife. It is a matter of infinitesimal importance.

HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPERE."—VII.

The portraits of Kemble's most formidable rival, George Frederick Cooke, in the characters of Iago and Richard III. which we give this week, show very clearly the principles by which stage costume was regulated at the beginning of the present century. Cooke's dresses may be taken as types of the recognised style, for he was never manager of a theatre, or indeed anything more than an ordinary member of the company, and so had probably no opportunity of showing his personal predilections in the matter of costume. He was for some time under the management of Kemble at Covent Garden, and no doubt followed John Philip's ideas of dressing, though he probably would not willingly have confessed himself the disciple of "Black Jack," as he liked to call his rival, even in a matter then esteemed of so little importance as stage costume.

It will be seen from our Illustrations that the dresses of Iago and Richard—the Venetian soldier and the English king—look much alike in style. They illustrate very well the exact theory on which Kemble's system proceeded. He was quite learned enough to know the differences between the costumes of the reigns of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., yet out of all these he made a sort of combination style in which he dressed all the historical characters of Shakspeare from King John to Henry VIII., and in which, apparently, Iago also was clad. Kemble's influence extended over the period of Edmund Kean, and the portrait which we give of that great actor as Richard III. may be considered along with those of Cooke in order that we may obtain a clear idea of their characteristics.

It is not very easy to see with certainty what sort of hat Cooke carries in his hand as Iago, but it seems to be of much the same fashion as that worn by him in Richard III., which is a tolerably close copy of a style worn about 1580. His heavy slashed doublet in Iago is strongly suggestive of the fashion of the time of James I.; and to the same period belong Kean's slashed "trunks" and sleeves. It is curious to note that Cooke, both in Iago and Richard, wears a tolerably large ruff—impartially unsuited to either character. The boots, both of Cooke and Kean, are of the period of Charles I. So that we see that these actors, far advanced as they were beyond the



EDMUND KEAN AS RICHARD III.
From the Etching by George Cruikshank.



G. F. COOKE AS RICHARD III.
After the Picture by De Wilde.

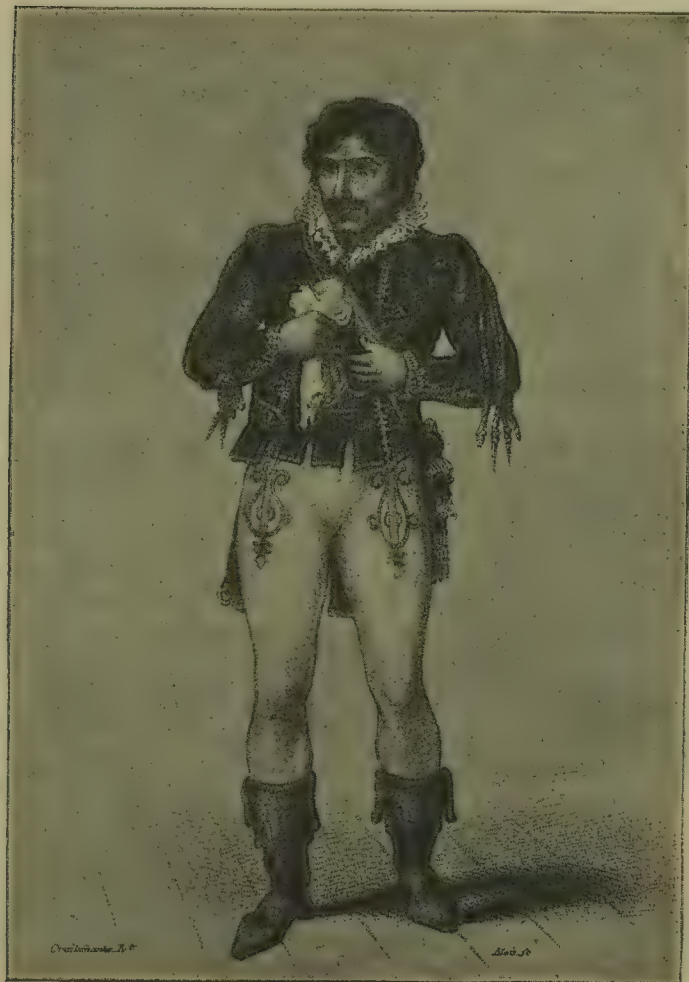


EDMUND KEAN AS MACBETH.

although the rudimentary plaid which he wears is of no country or period. Kemble, it is recorded, dressed the Thane with a bonnet full of nodding plumes, very much like the "feather-bonnet" of our Highland regiments, I fancy; and it is said that Sir Walter Scott with his own hands removed the inappropriate plumes and substituted the single eagle's feather, which was the correct adornment of a chieftain's cap: a change for the better so far as picturesqueness is concerned, but probably not much nearer historical accuracy, for Macbeth's period was before that of tartans, plaids, or feather bonnets. Charles Mayne Young, the ardent follower of Kemble, seems to have worn a most extraordinary costume in Macbeth. A correspondent of Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* alludes to it specially. He says, "Young plays Macbeth in a green and gilded velvet jacket, and carries a shield until he begins to fight, and then throws it away"; and another correspondent mentions a performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Covent Garden, in which Falstaff was dressed in the costume of the time of Charles I.; Dr. Caius was appalled in a flowing periwig and dress of the period of William and Mary; and Dr. Caius's servant wore the dress of a countryman of the early part of the present century. Another absurdity alluded to occurred in "Richard III.," where Richard went through the battle-scenes without armour, while Richmond was clad in mail from head to foot.

Among the minor eccentricities of stage costume may be mentioned the dressing of the Witches in "Macbeth." In the case of the well-known singer, Mrs. Crouch, it is recorded that when playing a Singing Witch, she wore a "fancy hat, powdered hair, rouge, point lace, and fine linen enough to enchant the spectator." In Garrick's time the Singing Witches were dressed in mittens, plaited caps, laced aprons, red stomachers, and ruffs.

In a little book, entitled "The Pin-Basket to the Children of Thespis," which was written by the notorious John Williams, who called himself "Anthony Pasquin," there are some curious particulars regarding stage costume. Williams states that the black wig which was worn (in 1797) by the actor who represented the murderer in the mimic play in "Hamlet" at Covent Garden Theatre, had originally been worn by King Charles II., and had by him been given to "his jester, Killigrew," for the service of his theatre. He also mentions the interesting fact, which I may be pardoned for repeating, though it has nothing to do with Shakspeare, that "the



EDMUND KEAN AS IAGO.
From the Etching by Cruikshank.



GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE AS IAGO.
After the Picture by James Green.

theories of Garrick's time, had yet no clear idea of archaeological accuracy, and were not struck by the absurdity of wearing boots of one reign, breeches of another, and cap of a third.

Edmund Kean's dress as Macbeth has some points of goodness in it. He is not dressed like a Highlander at a snuff-shop door, and there is a certain hint of Scandinavian style about him.

suit of brown which is worn by Mr. Suett in the character of Foresight, in 'Love for Love,' was made for the late Mrs. Woffington, who wore it in the character of Sir Harry Wildair"! Thus we see that the costume which at one time is worn by the young beau as the height of the fashion is, two generations later, the dress of the antiquated astrologer.—ROBERT W. LOWE.



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

In Gallery X. Mr. Eyre Crowe, profiting by his friendship with the late W. M. Thackeray, introduces an excellent portrait of that writer into his picture of "Peg of Limerick" (802), who played a subordinate part in Thackeray's Irish journey. Mr. Laslett Pott, whose pictures, whatever their defects as works of art, always attract and please, sends a spirited scene in the bedchamber of an old sportsman who, like the two fighting cocks on the floor, seems to be "Game to the Last" (827). Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Slave Market" (851) is noteworthy alike for its bold drawing and effective colouring, and for real power is far ahead of his friend Mr. F. Bramley's "After Fifty Years" (815), the celebration of a fisherman's golden wedding—a work full of effective bits of painting, but wanting in cohesion and real vigour of sentiment. We are grateful to Mr. Arthur Hughes for keeping alive the traditions of the older imaginative school of art, but he will not be unprepared to hear that the meaning of "The Door of Mercy" (828) is a little obscure. Lady Butler, once a prime favourite among painters of military subjects, seems content to repeat rather than to renew her triumphs; but, unfortunately, pictures like "The Camel Corps" (848) owe much of their popularity to the passing interest in the subject itself. Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Evening" (863), already referred to, presents several enigmas which find all sorts of contradictory solutions; but the cleverness with which the children are grouped round the table, and the skill with which the light of the suspended lamp falls upon them, cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Alfred East's "Newby Bridge" (809) at Windermere, Mr. Niels Lund's "November in the Glen" (811), and Mr. J. W. North's "Western Wood" (849) are all excellent in their various ways; but the delicacy and poetry with which Mr. North paints are undeniable, and although his work is obviously laborious, his selection for the honours of the Associateship is intelligible.

Gallery XI.—The large picture by Mr. Fred Roe representing "The Trial of Joan of Arc" (922) is, at all events, creditable to the artist, who has obviously painted it without any idea of sale, but solely with the view of making a thoroughly Academic picture. The lighting of the background is skilful, and the face and pose of the seated monk decidedly clever; but Joan herself is scarcely the inspired maiden, even as seen by eyes so modern as those of Bastien-Lepage. Mrs. Stuart Sindici also makes an excursion into the imaginative rather than the historic past—"It might have been" (937), Napoleon, in a brown hat and coat, walking arm-in-arm with Wellington along Whitehall. The time depicted is 1847, just after the death of Marie Louise, for whom Napoleon wears a broad hat-band, and before the clock-tower of the new Houses of Parliament was finished. Mrs. Sindici has a very accurate knowledge of London life as it was nearly fifty years ago, and she can paint with accuracy. More purely imaginative and belonging to a very different school is Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Circe" (928), in which one can trace the transformation of the companions of Ulysses into swine—a very cleverly conceived picture, in which the principal actress seems the least concerned. Close by hangs Mr. G. Clausen's "Evening Song" (923), which scintillates with rich colouring after the manner of M. Manet. There is much to be said in favour of the effect produced by a single picture painted in this way, but a room full of such brilliant displays of fireworks would rather terrify than please the possessor. Of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's clever picture, "Your Health" (892), introducing portraits of Dr. Ernest Hart, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Arthur Hacker, and others, we have already spoken. Before we close our notes on the oil pictures of the year, let us only mention three of considerable merit, namely, "Bird-Nesting" and "On the Rothay," by Mr. Edmunds (337 and 359), and "A Crack Shot," by Mr. C. F. Marsh (502), which were omitted in noticing the contents of the other galleries.

Of the water colours—of which there are nearly three hundred specimens—it is unnecessary to speak in detail. They have been selected, for the most part, with taste and judgment from as many thousands, and generally display a considerable amount of technical ability. Mr. Charles Dixon's "New York Harbour" (967) conveys a picturesque idea of the entrance to that city, to which the guests are welcomed by the gigantic statue of Liberty, which serves as a beacon. Mr. Herbert Nye's "May Day" (972) is a well-arranged and dexterously coloured picture. Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Venice" (994) is somewhat richer in tone than Miss Montalba's work, but is obviously inspired by it. Miss Alice Manly's "Maternal Cares" (995) is a clever bit of child-painting; and Mr. Albert Brocklebank's "Dream of Spring" (1003) is a delicate appreciation of country scenery. Mr. Ellis Roberts's portrait of Miss Pamela Wyndham (1046), Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Swing" (1032), Mr. Charles Mottram's "Gold and Grey" (1048), a study of fishing-boats in the early morning, and Mr. George Cockram's "Plunging Seas" (1062) with its fine treatment of light along the horizon, are all works of distinction.

The sculpture of the year is not of a very high order, with the exception of Mr. Onslow Ford's "Applause" (1828)—the kneeling figure of an Egyptian dancing-girl

bending before the plaudits she has earned. It is a figure of which every line is graceful and sustained, and a face on which song and music seem to have left their mark. Mr. George Frampton's "Children of the Wolf" (1822) looks stronger in bronze than in plaster; and Mr. Henry C. Fehr has a still more dramatic rendering of "Andromeda" (1683) crouching beneath her rock, already overshadowed by the sea-monster, over whom Perseus is descending. All this action, with its various emotions, is scarcely suited to plastic art, but at any rate it is not quite so startling as M. Gérôme's aggressive statue of "Bellona" (1826), in bronze and ivory, to which English taste is as yet hardly educated. Mr. Goscombe John's "Girl Binding her Hair" (1829), Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Summer" (1823), of very solid proportions; and Miss Henrietta Montalba's graceful figure of a boy lying on a rock catching a crab (1674) are all well worthy of attention. The much-discussed "Housemaid" (1681), by the late Mr. T. Woolner, will not set at rest the question whether such subjects lend themselves to art; but whilst we are ready to recognise the merit of the work and its originality, it is scarcely one on which the artist would care to have his reputation founded.

AN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

One of the happiest nurseries in the German Empire is that over which the Empress-Queen presides in person. It is composed of six little boys and the one baby girl, who is entitled at present to occupy the historic cradle of the Hohenzollern princes.

The Empress is so devoted to her little ones that were it not for the strictness with which she and the Emperor have mapped out their day it is likely that "the children's hour" would be allowed to encroach on the greater part of the twenty-four.

Even during those quiet restful moments when she places the old volumes of her journal on a reading-stand at

it must be admitted that most of his ideas pass the bounds of possibility, though the indulgent Empress always does her utmost to enable him to carry out his projects. "Naughtiness," in any exaggerated form, is not possible in her well-managed nursery, but the Crown Prince has been more than once known to look up from his book or his box of colours when his junior threatened to cross the line of license and remark gravely—

"Eitel needs father or mother to keep him in order."

The riding hour is that which perhaps the little Princes most enjoy. Their military tutor, Major von Falkenheim, attends them daily for this. If the weather be wet, they ride in the riding-school, but if fine, the ponies are taken into the park, and the Emperor will frequently bring the Empress there, that they may see their little sons gallop about, the younger ones occasionally coming a cropper on the smooth sward as they vainly try to keep up with the longer-limbed animals bestridden by their brothers.

At other times, as many of them as can be crowded in, jump into the little basket-carriage to which the Crown Prince's white pony Seehund is harnessed, and all fly down the drives of the park to an accompaniment of silver bells hung about the little animals' harness; without which this course would be pronounced very silent and dismal.

The Crown Prince has a beautiful white Arabian, named Abdul, a birthday gift from his father, and a most valuable animal, of which the owner was very proud; but it was rather too big for so young a rider, and he has lately had a bad fall from it, which at first made him a little nervous of trying it again. However, he has a good seat and plenty of courage, so he will soon forget his mishap. One of the special treats of the day is a visit to the stables, where the spoilt little animals are presented with biscuits or sugar according to their fancy.

The gymnasium is another popular resort, and it is a pretty sight to see the little flexible white-clad figures twisting and twining over the bars. All who are old

enough to receive serious instruction in this line are already very proficient in it, and when they describe their doings to their mother at the end of the day gymnastics come in for a good many words, while "English boxing" is an accomplishment in which all, down to little Prince Oscar, are determined to excel.

The Empress hopes that all her children will be fond of music. Her plan is to have them all taught both violin and piano, though the lessons are to be soon discontinued in the case of those who fail to show real taste for the art. Music is one of her own favourite amusements, while the Emperor is also fond of it—though his tastes lie in the direction of operatic and ballad performances, rather than in that of more classical works. The Crown Prince, with Prince Eitel and Prince Adelbert, are having lessons on the piano from a talented lady from the Empress's own home in Schleswig-Holstein, her name being Fraulein Wilhelmine Groth.

They are also being taught with some success to use their pencils. The right to be good draughtsmen should

be theirs by inheritance, as the Emperor and Empress are good artists. Wood-carving is another amusement, and in this Prince Eitel, who is very clever with his fingers, excels, while his promises to provide his many friends with specimens of his skill are very generous. The baby Victoria Louise, Queen paramount of the Palace, is said to be a beautiful baby—taller and stronger than any of her brothers were at her age, and remarkably like her mother, the Empress.

C. E.

The Imperial Federation League held its third annual City of London meeting at the Mansion House on May 17, presided over by the Lord Mayor. Speeches were made by the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P., and others in favour of a complete scheme of Imperial defence.

A conspicuous figure at the May meetings this year has been the Rev. Isaac Oluwole, who comes from West Africa. He has been accepted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the committee of the Church Missionary Society as one of the native assistant bishops for the Niger district, consequent upon the death of Bishop Crowther. For two years past the native Church has been almost torn asunder on the question of the succession to Crowther—the first native bishop of the Anglican Communion—and the nomination of an Englishman, the Rev. J. S. Hill, by the Church Missionary Society threatened a grave crisis. But Mr. Hill finds the native aspirations not only perfectly justifiable, but capable of immediate realisation. He recommends the appointment of two native assistant bishops, one of whom being the Rev. Isaac Oluwole. There is no mistaking the race to which Mr. Oluwole belongs; his skin is several shades darker even than was Bishop Crowther's. But he has all the bearing and dignity of a gentleman, and his speech at the missionary meeting in Exeter Hall showed him to possess considerable intelligence. He is a graduate of Fourah Bay College, which has now been affiliated to the University of Durham. He was ordained by the Bishop of Sierra Leone in 1881, and has been for nearly twelve years principal of the Church Missionary Society's Grammar School at Lagos. His appointment has given great satisfaction to the native Church. The other native bishop will be the Rev. Charles Phillips, of Ode Ondo, who will soon arrive in England.



THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

her side, she keeps the latest baby of the day in her lap, fondling its tiny hands and caressing its little face while she turns over the pages that contain the record of her simple life. Not even her husband, or the sisters to whom she is devotedly attached, have ever had the privilege of looking through these books; but she often mentions casually to those who enjoy her intimacy that among the items noted down are the thoughtful sayings of the quiet and studious Crown Prince, or the quaint arch drolleries of Prince Eitel Fritz, the *enfant terrible* of the palace; while an accurate description of the personal appearance of each member of the little flock is given, and the development of their characters and the inclination or the reverse for their different employments portrayed. The Emperor is fond and proud of all his children, but it is on the Crown Prince that his chief attention is rightly centred. He has impressed upon his little son, almost from his infancy, the greatness of the destiny which awaited him, and his own busy days, however fully they may be occupied, rarely fail to include one complete hour which he spends entirely alone with his future successor, telling him of the duties and the difficulties of the position which is one day to be his, and preparing him to meet them.

The result of this training is that the young Prince is serious and reflective beyond his years, and he has already obtained great influence over his brothers, and convinced those around him that he is possessed of considerable force of character. He is a clever boy, too, and so rapidly distanced Prince Eitel Fritz in all their joint studies that it was found necessary to let him work alone. He was very delicate in his babyhood, and is slightly made and not tall for his age. However, as years passed on, he has become much stronger, and his parents have now little anxiety about his health.

The merry, lively, energetic Prince Eitel, who is devoted to his elder brother, differs very greatly from him in disposition. He has been early inured to discipline and obedience, so there is no rebellion when the clocks, which keep time to the second in any place where the punctuality-loving Empress has sway, call him to his books; but the playground is where her second little son is most at home. He is delightfully original in all his plans for his own and his brothers' amusement, though



BARON'S COURT. THE DUKE OF ABERCORN'S SEAT, COUNTY TYRONE, IRELAND.

VISITED BY THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.



"BOULOGNE: FRUIT AND FLOWERS."—HECTOR CAFFIERI.



"FISHERWOMAN AND CHILD."—HECTOR CAFFIERI.



"THE GOLDEN VALLEY."—ALFRED EAST.

PICTURES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most interesting as well as fascinating of natural history themes is that which relates to the curious associations often found existing between widely different species of animals. Most of my readers will call to mind the case of that hermit crab which perpetually carries about on the shell he inhabits a species of sea-anemone. Like Sindbad with the Old Man of the Sea, the hermit crawls about complacently with his friend on his back. Between crab and anemone there exists a veritable friendship. The crab feeds the anemone, and when he changes his shell for a larger abode the anemone is detached from the old habitation and carefully placed on the new one. This kind of association constitutes what Van Beneden calls the "free messmate" style of existence. There is close association and there is feeding at the same table, as it were, and there is mutual advantage from the partnership as well. The anemone gets not only food, but also change of air and scene, cheaply and without effort, and the crab gets protection from the anemone. For it seems quite reasonable to believe that the anemone on the shell will give that abode the aspect and appearance of a stone or rock, and so deceive the crab's enemies; while, as fishes do not relish anemones as a diet, the presence of the polype on the shell will deter them from an approach to seize its inmate. There are other crabs which carry an anemone on each of their nipping claws, and change their burdens to the new shell after the old one has been slipped off.

Other strange associations are equally clearly defined. There is a species of fish, for instance, known habitually to live inside a big sea-anemone, and to swim in and out of the body of its host at will. This procedure would certainly appear as though the fish entered into the veritable jaws of the lion; and, again, it is difficult to conceive how, living in the digestive system of the anemone, it is not eaten and assimilated. There is yet another case of association which deserves mention, if only because it was known to the ancients. A pea-crab (*Pinnotheres*) is found living inside the large (or horse) mussel, and other molluscs possess crustacean tenants of allied species. The crab is simply a messmate which has developed the habit of seeking shelter within the shell, and which has established an amiable reciprocity with its host. The advantage here would seem to be on the side of the crab, which obtains rest and shelter, and a share of the nutriment which is swept into the mussel's shell with the water currents that convey food for the digestive system and oxygen for the gills.

Among higher animals we get associations equally strange. Among the fishes we find the pilot-fish, which is the companion of the shark. This association was alluded to by Sir Richard Hawkins, who, writing an account of a voyage to the South Sea in 1593, speaks of the shark as being accompanied by "divers little fishes which are called pilats fishes, and are ever upon his fins, his head, or his back, and feed of the scraps or superfluities of his prey." They are in form of a trowle, and streaked like a mackerell, but that the streaks are white and black, and the black greater than the white." Probably this fish removes parasites from the skin of his larger neighbour.

But the most recent confirmation of a very old belief about animal associations comes from the pages of the *Ibis*. As long ago as the days of Herodotus, Aelian, and Aristotle it was believed that a certain bird, described as the trochilos by Herodotus, was in the habit of voluntarily entering the mouth of the crocodile and removing from that cavity the leeches which infest the reptile's throat. Herodotus remarks this fact by saying that the crocodile, being well pleased with this friendly service, "never hurts the trochilos." Now, this story was discredited as an ancient fable, and the legend was held to relate either to the spur-winged plover or to the Egyptian plover, the two birds being essentially distinct. Another ancient explanation, less poetic, perchance, than that just given, was also mooted regarding the association of the reptile and bird. Purchas, quoting Leo, tells us that the bird performed the office of a crocodilian toothpick. He thinks part of the food remains between the reptile's teeth and "breedeth a kind of worm"; and so the birds, sympathising with the crocodile, enter his mouth, relieve him of his torment, and are hindered from being swallowed by the reptile through a certain "prickle" on their heads, which constrains him to open his mouth and let them depart free. Here it is evident the "worms" of Purchas and Leo represent the leeches of the former story. Flamineo, in the play "Vittoria Corombona," has precisely a similar explanation; and Lyly speaks of "the bird trochilos," which "liveth by the mouth of the crocodile and is not spoiled." Doubtless, the "prickle" on its head was simply the bird's crest.

Now comes confirmation of the old story. Mr. J. M. Cook has seen the whole process acted out before his eyes in Egypt. He watched them in company with his brother-in-law, the late Mr. J. E. Hedges. Two big crocodiles came out of the Nile, and, apparently, went to sleep. Then came the crocodile-birds, hovering about their friends. One bird, seen through field-glasses, went up to one of the reptiles. The crocodile opened its jaws. In went the bird, and the jaws closed. In a minute or two the reptile's mouth opened, the bird came forth, and went to the river, either to vomit or drink; then in a few seconds it returned to the crocodile, and again entered its mouth. For the second time the bird made its exit, and went as before to the river side. Thrice was this curious operation repeated. Two of the birds were shot by Mr. Cook, and were identified as the spur-winged plover (*Hoplopterus spinosus*). The Nile boatmen believe implicitly in this relationship between the crocodiles and the birds, and after Mr. Cook's recital it would seem that no doubt exists as to its reality. After all, is this association more curious than some of those to which I have alluded as existing in lower life? It is a pity Mr. Cook did not dissect his birds to see whether the stomach contained the leeches it is believed to remove from the crocodile's mouth. Why the bird should go to the river after its sojourn in the crocodile's mouth is also a point worth determination. Can any of my readers in Egypt throw a further light on this most interesting story of an old legend having been apparently proved to be perfectly true?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C T BLANCHARD.—Have you considered the effect of Kt to K B 3rd (ch)?

E W (Crouch End).—Many thanks for the information and the games, all of which we hope to turn to use.

J H ROBERTS (Wandsworth).—It is obviously unnecessary to say which Rook White Castles with when only one is available for the purpose.

Dr F St (Camberwell), M BURKE, AND OTHERS.—Your appreciation of Mr. Laws's problem is fully deserved.

S H W.—If you will look again you will find it is K P takes P, not Q P, and this correction makes all the difference.

W P HIND.—Next week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2557 received from R Syer (San José); of No. 2559 from J Ross (Whitley), James Clark (Chester), and J M Nelson (Juka, Miss.); of No. 2560 from H D C Pepler (Croydon), A H B, James Wynn, jun., C E Perugini, and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 2561 from C T Fisher, Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), E G R (Tipperary), A H B, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J M K Lupton, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C M A B, Marlow, and James Wynn, jun.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2562 received from Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Dawn, H S Brandreth, W Wright, C E Perugini, J M K Lupton, T G (Ware), E Loudon, T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, Shadforth, C M A B, J D Tucker (Leeds), G Joicey, M Burke, W R Raillem, W P Hind, A Newman, Julia Short (Exeter), L Desanges, J Dixon, Dr F St, R H Brooks, and G T Hughes (Athy).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2561.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Q to R 2nd Q takes Q

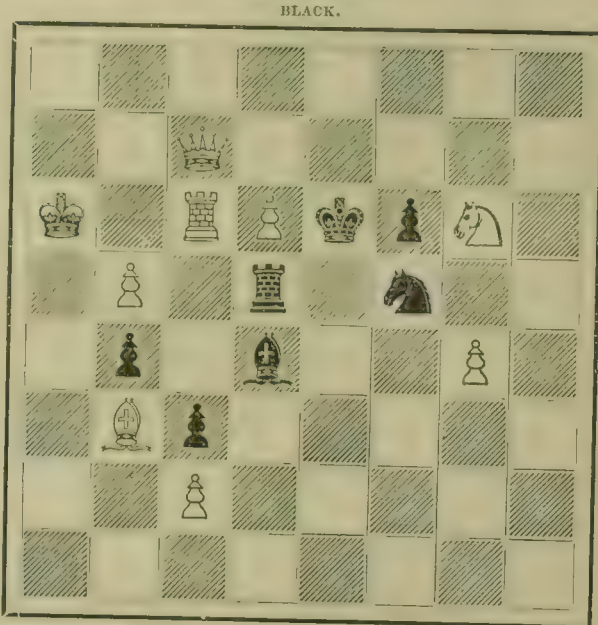
2. Kt to Kt 4th (ch) K to K 3rd

3. R mates.

If Black play 1. P moves; 2. Q takes Q (ch), P takes Q; 3. Kt or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2564.

By A. N. BRAYSHAW.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of four simultaneous blindfold games recently played by Mr. MORIAU at the Hornsey Chess Club. (Blackmar Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Moriau).	BLACK (Dr. Harris).	WHITE (Mr. Moriau).	BLACK (Dr. Harris).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. B takes B	B to K 2nd
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	Kt (at B 3rd) takes B	
3. P to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd		
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		
6. B to Kt 5th	P takes B P		
7. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th		
8. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K 3rd		
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q R 4th		
10. Q to R 4th (ch)			
White has initiated a venturesome attack, but with a sense of position highly meritorious in blindfold play.			
11. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	17. K to B 2nd	
12. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4th		
13. B takes P	P takes B		
14. Q takes Q	Q to Q 4th		
15. Kt takes B	Kt takes Q		
We cannot help thinking Kt takes Kt would have been a better purpose.			

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played in the Canadian Chess Association Tournament between Messrs. A. T. DAVISON (Toronto) and J. E. NARRAWAY (Ottawa). (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	21. Kt to B sq	P to Kt 3rd
2. B to Q B 4th		22. Q to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
A tame opening, and this is one of the worst continuations, giving the second player the advantage of the move. P to Q 4th should have been played.			
3. P takes P	P to Q 4th	23. B to K 3rd	K to Q 2nd
4. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P takes P	24. Q R to K sq	R to Q B sq
5. B takes B (ch)	Q takes B	25. Kt to R 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	26. Kt to B 3rd	K to K 2nd
7. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. B to B sq	R to B 2nd
8. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. Kt to Kt 5th	K to Q sq
9. Castles	K Kt to K 2nd	29. K to R 2nd	K to B sq
10. Kt to K 4th	Q to B 2nd	30. Kt takes B P	
11. P to Kt 3rd		By which three Pawns are gained for the piece, but the strong attack that follows is too heavy an additional cost.	
12. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	31. Q takes P (ch)	R takes Kt
Q to R 5th, followed by P to K B 4th, seems sounder play.			
13. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th	32. Q takes Kt P	R to Q 2nd
14. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 4th	33. Q to B 7th	Kt to K 2nd
15. Q to B 3rd	Kt (at Kt 3rd) to K 2nd	34. R (at Kt 2nd) to Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q sq
16. Kt to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	35. Q to B 5th	B to K 2nd
17. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	36. R to K 6th	K to B 2nd
18. R to B 2nd	R to R 3rd	37. Q to Q 3rd	
19. R to Kt 2nd	Castles (Q R)	Q to R 3rd, with the purpose of playing P to B 5th and B to B 4th (ch), is stronger play.	
K to K 2nd at once would have saved much time wasted over purposeless moves by K and R.			
20. Kt to Q 2nd	K R to R sq	38. Q to B 5th	R to Kt sq
On and after May 25, until further notice, the Ludgate Circus Chess Club will meet at its head-quarters, premises of the New Mocha (Limited), 24, Cheapside, as follows: Mondays until 7 p.m.; Thursdays, 10.30 p.m.; Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.; and not on Mondays and Thursdays as hitherto.			

At the Hornsey Chess Club, on Saturday, May 13, Mr. Moriau gave an exhibition of simultaneous blindfold play before a large and interested assemblage of spectators. Out of four games played he won three and drew one. The club meets at 5, The Broadway, Crouch End.

The match between Messrs. Walbrodt and Delmar has terminated in favour of the German master by five games to three. Mr. Delmar, it is stated, being dissatisfied with the result, has challenged the winner to another match for one hundred dollars a side.

THE LADIES' COLUMN

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Nowhere in all London can the best fashions of the mid-season be better studied than in the stately pile of buildings dedicated to Messrs. Peter Robinson's business at Oxford Circus. Here there is not only, as its advertisements proclaim, "Everything for ladies' wear," from the smallest ruffles up to the most stately Court robes; but, besides that, everything is of the newest and best; and, instead of taking the trouble of wandering from one shop to another in search of the best styles in one and another article of attire, one can safely place oneself within the doors of Peter Robinson's. Specially attractive is always the mantle department.

Here we learn that white on black is the very newest note of fashion. A new model just over from Worth is in the softest and most supple *poult de soie*. It fits to the figure underneath, hooking down the front under a little ruche of black lace; but outside that it falls like an extremely wide cape, the special feature being an immense Elizabethan ruff of white guipure, wired so as to stand up very high at the neck and sides, the front sloping and turning down so as to give the appearance of extremely wide white lace revers over the chest. A little jet trims it at the back, and the whole garment is indeed a model. Another is a black satin cape to the waist, made extremely full, with a black satin frill round the shoulders, and a full frill of wide Spanish lace immediately above. The yoke is covered, and the whole garment is edged, with a trimming appliqué of Russia leather, cut into a pattern, edged round with gold cord, and adorned with hand embroidery of jet beads. There are a great many varieties of stiff Mechlin nets made up into mantles, this being one of the novelties of the season. It is a kind of lace, yet with a difference, having a wiry thread in it which enables it to stand out around the figure in the manner demanded by capes at present. These little mantles all reach just below the waist, and are put into yokes variously made and adorned, but almost all of black satin, more or less trimmed with jet. Another new thing this season is what is called "sequin" trimming. It is a very light composition, a kind of gelatine, but looking like jet. It is cut into a variety of shapes, and large quantities of it are being used to brighten up mantles, as it does this without giving any great weight; in this respect being far preferable to real jet or beads. The closely gathered spikes of the new fashionable trimming made of this must be seen to be understood, but it is the very newest thing worn, both for mantle and bonnet trimming. Profusely trimmed with this is a very short cape, the foundation of watercress green satin, with lace over, and long ends of lace reaching the foot of the dress in front, the lace everywhere adorned with the jet sequins and threaded trimming just described.

A very engaging new Paris model is in shot silk of delicate tone, and in what is called the "parasol" shape. The skirt of this (for it reaches the hem of the dress) is no less than seven yards wide, and it is cut in a complete circle, so that joined together down the front, it would make a parasol; it is therefore sloping towards the waist, and yet there is but one seam in the whole width—namely, right up the back. The shape, however, is outlined by lines of iridescent trimming running up from the bottom to the top; and there is a deep white lace pleated collar. This is a remarkable stylish garment. Another in the same style is of tan cloth. This is made with a separate bodice and skirt, with an over-cape to the waist trimmed round with black lace and finished with a lace frill. Another noticeable mantle in this unique style is a cape to the waist, five yards round, in black moire. This is cut in an ingenious manner, so that there are only three joins in the whole great width, and they run over the shoulders. It is trimmed with lace and a little jet. Dust-cloaks are edged everywhere with a beautiful feather trimming of the same colour, and trimmed with white lace. It has a big yoke-like cape of dead white satin, standing out over the shoulders, and this is embroidered round with silver. Another is in tussore silk lined with a beautiful shot silk ranging from orange to heliotrope. The yoke is of white lace over a shot silk, which tones from yellow to magenta, and two long ends falling down the back, streamer fashion, in the same shade of broad ribbon, give immense distinction to the wrap. These bright colours are very much adopted by the most fashionable women this season.

Turning now to the costumes, we find them as novel and original as the mantles. Crêpon is the almost universal wear, most of it very crinkled looking, with threads of wool running through, and it is often shot, or interwoven with different colours, from the ground. The newest skirts mostly have one or more little flounces round the hips and some others round the knee and others round the feet, with a broad space between the three series. White guipure lace also appears on almost every dress, no matter what the other trimming or what the colour of the material. A very stylish little frock is in pale pink crêpon with a flounce round the hips; then come descending bands of white guipure laid over red silk, going down to the knees and there meeting another flounce; the full bodice is trimmed in much the same way, and ends under a broad belt of red silk with tiny rosettes of the same arranged along the edge of the yoke. Another pink crêpon has a white stripe running through it. There is a deep wide flounce put on to the knee, and the flounce in its turn is edged with three tiny ones, each bordered with a lacelike crochet, very narrow. In two or three different coloured cloths and serges is repeated a pretty simple design, with a perfectly plain skirt, bell-shaped, the bodice cut away in front to open over a shirt-front so as to give a zouave appearance, but joined at the back to a deep skirted coat, which coat skirts, though severed from the zouave in front, are hooked round the waist so that the dress skirt appears to be double. Crêpons in a black ground with tiny pink or silver or heliotrope spots, are made up very prettily for elderly ladies, giving just a touch of colour that brightens the black. A similar crêpon has a heliotrope ground with pin spots of black, the skirt is made with three flounces edged with heliotrope baby ribbon, stitched on with an embroidery stitch in black wool crossing the ribbon here and there.

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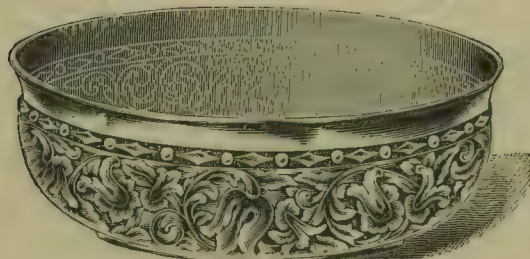
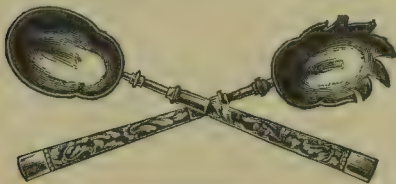
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A FREE-AND-EASY IN SOHO.

"Gentlemen and Ladies, I call upon M'sieu Suchet."

A long, irregularly shaped room, with a weakness for corners. The windows are closely green-blinded; there are as many doors on the one side of the room as in Act III. of a Palais-Royal comedy. At the many wooden tables are seated some fifty or sixty young Frenchmen and eight or nine damsels, all apparently serious working men and women. Upstairs is another room of the club. There a small bar is presided over by a genial gent in gay blue smoking-cap, worn rakishly, and in that room there has been, earlier in the evening, card-playing and sipping from squat tumblers. Down here the diversion is just commencing. Over one of the mantelpieces, near to three small tricolour flags which drape the large scarlet letters "R. F.," is a placard which intimates that on Sunday evenings will be held a CONCERT AND DANCE; each visitor to pay 35 centimes. At one end of the room in a corner is a piano. A plain young English person, with a large black belaced hat that is like a lamp-shade, has been playing, with moderate precision, bits of quadrilles. The Chair raps his hammer, making the glasses on his table jump: "*Messieurs et Mesdames, je rappelle M'sieu Suchet.*"

The waiter ceases to serve, and hides discreetly in an angle of the room, and M'sieu Suchet rises. Deliberately M. Suchet puts under his chair his straw hat; deliberately he sips at his tumbler; with calmness he flicks off the black ash from his untidy cigar. His friends cry as one man, "Tour du valse! Tour du valse!" M. Suchet—he is a clean-shaven lad with a soiled white dress-tie that betrays his profession—shakes his head warningly at the large-hatted lady at the piano (meaning thereby to intimate that he needs not the assistance of musical accompaniment), clears his throat, and steps out into the narrow gangway—

*Au bal du commandant, étant sous-lieutenant,
Un soir j'ai invité à la danse sa femme aux jolis yeux.
Aux traits—*

When the refrain comes—which refrain, as the world knows, insists on the charms of the commandant's wife with some superfluity of detail—the young waiter waltzes with an imaginary partner as well as the circumscribed space will permit, and affects to chuck her under the chin and to receive in return a smack on the ear. He makes the room laugh very much. There is a muffled attempt on the part of the room to join in the chorus, but this the Chair severely checks. Four verses does M. Suchet sing, and when he finishes the last refrain the room applauds rapturously. As he returns, flushed and pleased, to his seat, the Chair but speaks the voice of the company when he says promptly that M. Suchet is begged to sing again. M. Suchet exhibits some faint show of resistance, a sufficiency of coyness, then sips generously from the glass of a friend, and goes again to the gangway. That none may doubt his versatility, he this time chants a long and dreary song of love. The room relaxes its attention, and the Chair has to insist more than once on silence.

A pause. The lady at the piano sees her chance, and from the storehouse of her memory selects a snatch of

the songs of Mr. Chevalier. Her enjoyment is of the briefest. "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins" is stopped at the third line by the chairman's hammer: "M'sieu Lafried." Applause, generous and general, but no M. Lafried. "I call upon M'sieu Lafried," repeats the Chair, with some distinctness. M. Lafried, seated, speaking to a point of order, raises his very tall silk hat with his varnish-stained fingers, and says "Pardon." He was bad at the throat (here as proof M. Lafried coughs violently), he demands to be excused. "Monologue, monologue," is suggested from a table near the window. Very well, presently he will give a monologue. Meanwhile may he have the honour to name his dear friend M'sieu Durand? "Good!" replies the Chair, "I call upon M'sieu Durand." M. Durand may be a very dear friend, but he is an unusually bad singer. He has a voice of the throaty order, and he sings a long, long song of the patriotic kind. He sings it slowly too, and the lady at the piano, in endeavouring to accelerate the pace with a few chords, meets with absolutely no success at all. He seems to go the slower for it. It is eleven o'clock, and at the public-house a few doors off potmen with hoarse voices and dogmatic manners are crying "Toime, genelman!" "Nah, then, genelman, toime!"

"M'sieu Vallat." An amusing chap, M. Vallat, and an adventurous withal. It is a comic song that he sings, and one or two of the verses make the ladies laugh so that they have to make fans of their handkerchiefs, and, waving, bring coolness to their flaming cheeks. In everything—this is the idea of M. Vallat's song—in everything there must be a commencement. The other day he wanted to start a menagerie. Alas! he had no wild animals. Then he bethought himself of—oh! blessed universal joke—of his mother-in-law. In everything there must be a commencement. He wanted once to marry again; the lady's father demanded a settlement of eighty thousand francs. From his pocket he produced two sous and a piece of string. In everything there must be a commencement. It is but fair to add that these are not the verses which make the room hold its sides.

A nervous lad gives "La Fête des Rats," and forgets the words, and has to go to his overcoat to refresh his memory with sight of an untidy manuscript, and breaks down again, retiring eventually, after much misfortune, a mere wreck of his former self. Then M. Lafried—he of the bad throat—in a voice that at I feel sure, some personal discomfort he forces to speak in a falsetto, gives his monologue. He is a maidservant, is just up from the country, has been in Paris but three days. Is left alone. Mistress and master gone to theatre. Dances a little, sings a little, makes mordacious remarks anent mistresses in general, makes jokes with great affectation of innocence—jokes which have at least two meanings. Finds at last in box compromising letter addressed to Madame, which compromising letter bids fair to bring maidservant, with adroit handling, most excellent fortune.

Midnight. The men rise from their forms and chairs and shift the tables into the corners. The tired young person at the piano yawns and shivers, and selects

languidly the music of a waltz. She begins. The dancing men hang up their hats, the ladies pin up each other's skirts. Then to the waltz. The couples whirl themselves up and down the long room with vigour most commendable. The waltz finished, the piano lady closes her eyes for a moment, to reopen them quickly for a set of quadrilles. There are joys in the shape of a mazurka, a polka, and more waltzes to come, but the hour for the stranger is sufficiently late. The least tired individual is the steward. His blue smoking-cap is a shade more rakish; he is just starting on a fresh cigar. "Bon soir, M'sieu; bon soir."

W. PETT RIDGE.

Among the passengers from Bilbao, in Spain, drowned on board the steamer Countess Evelyne, which was sunk in the Bristol Channel, on May 13, by a collision with another steamer, were the English wife and two young children of Señor Pedro de Otuduy, who were coming to visit the lady's father, Mr. Hopwood, in London.

The Hebdomadal Council of the University of Oxford, on May 17, submitted to Convocation the proposed purchase from Magdalen College, at the price of £7000, of the building which is occupied by the University for the Logic School, at the south-east corner of the Bodleian Library, and which has been held on lease since 1615. Convocation, by sixty-four votes to forty-six, passed a decree to confirm this purchase.

The official residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, called Bishopscourt, in the Isle of Man, a house of some historical and antiquarian interest, was destroyed by fire on the night of May 15, with many valuable documents and records of the past two centuries, from the time of the celebrated Bishop Wilson. Readers of Mr. Hall Caine's "Deemster" will appreciate the loss of these. It was an old castellated mansion, near the west coast of the island, between Kirkmichael and Ballaugh. The Bishop and his family were absent.

A shocking carriage accident took place in Piccadilly, at Hyde Park Corner, on Tuesday evening, May 16. Sir Algernon Borthwick was on his way from his own house to the House of Commons, when his coach-horse bolted, knocked down a woman, who was instantly killed, and struck the "refuge" near St. George's Hospital with such force as to throw off the coachman, who fell with his head on the pavement, and was so injured that he died two hours afterwards. His name was Joseph Drury, and he had been sixteen years in Sir Algernon's service.

Another fine hotel has recently been opened at Dover, in the presence of a distinguished company. It is adjacent to the Parade, and overlooks the Granville Gardens. The plan of the Grand Hotel displays a very careful insight into modern requirements. So many people only know Dover by casual visits thereto, en route, perhaps, for other climes, that they have yet to make acquaintance with the breezy and beautiful neighbourhood beyond the white cliffs. The existence of an excellent hotel, such as the Grand, within sight of the sea, should attract many to its hospitable shelter.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company),

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for Wedding Presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality and the very moderate prices will be apparent.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

JEWELLERY.—The Goldsmiths' Company's Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice string Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Brilliant Presents.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

REPAIRS AND REMODELLING OF FAMILY JEWELS.—The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their Business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that some of their designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

THE MANUFACTURING



Fine Diamond Brooch, £5.

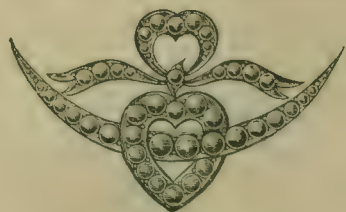
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POST FREE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd.,
(A. B. SAVORY and SONS), late of 11 & 12,
CORNHILL, E.C., is incorporated with this
Company, and the business is transferred to
the above address.



Fine Diamond Brooch, £5.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Fine Pearl Brooch, £5.



Regd. Design.
Finely Chased Gold and Pearl
Brooch, £3.

AWARDED
THE CROSS OF
THE LEGION OF
HONOUR.



Fine Gold and Diamond Pin, £1 5s.

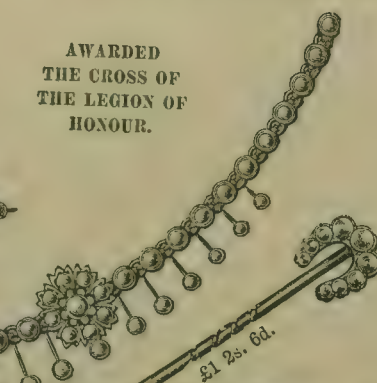


Fine Pearl Half-hoop
Ring, with Diamond
Points, £7 10s.

Finest quality
Pearl Studs, Set
of 3, £12. Also
from £2 to £60.



Fine Gold and Pearl
Brooch, £2 10s.



Fine Pearl Pin, £1 2s. 6d.

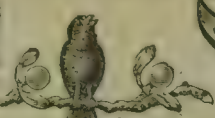
Fine Diamond
Studs, Set of 3,
£12. Also from
£9 to £100.



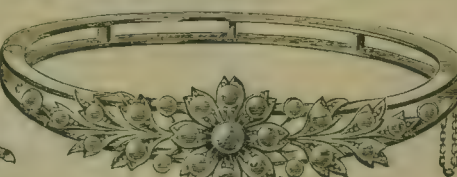
Fine Diamond Half-
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from £15 to £200.



Fine Gold Bracelet, £3 15s.



Fine Gold and Pearl Brooch, £2 15s.



Fine Pearl Bracelet, £3.

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BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.—Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

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DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiaras, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at Merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits. An inspection is respectfully invited.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

CASH PRICES.—The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN ORDERS executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

OLD JEWELLERY. Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

By Appointment to



Her Majesty the Queen.

MESSRS. JAY, being fully prepared with **Novelties** for the present season in all the leading departments of their Establishment, have the honour to invite inspection, not only from ladies who are in mourning, but from all ladies requiring fashionable **Costumes, Mantles, or Millinery** either in Black, Black and White, Grey or Petunia, assuring those who honour them by a visit that they will here find an unrivalled collection of **Parisian Novelties**, from which orders are executed to suit individual requirement, special attention being at all times devoted to producing that result which will be most becoming to the wearer.

Regent Street, London.

FURS.

"The secret of success in any trade is, as a rule, based on the confidence which customers repose in individual traders and their merchandise. When strangers enter a shop or store and make purchases which prove so satisfactory that they write testimonials to the proprietor of their approval of the same, there can be no doubt that the articles are genuine and money's worth; e.g., numerous and quite unsolicited testimonials of such a character from American and other patrons may be seen at the

"INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163, REGENT STREET, LONDON."

IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina." "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellyra, Ceylon, writes—"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDNER, Esq., L.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper, writes—"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music-Hall, London.

"I was recommended, by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

ONE SHILLING AND THREE-HALFPENCE.

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1892) of Mr. Stanley Dent, late of 115A, Sloane Street, who died on March 5, at Beaulieu, Alpes Maritimes, France, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Annie Dent, the widow, John William Burton, and Sydney Urwick Dent, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £135,000. The testator gives a large number of shares and debentures in various companies to each of his children, Mary Stanley Burton, William Forby Dent, Stanley Marseille Dent, Frances Stanley Morrish, Sydney Urwick Dent, Katie Annie Dent, and Francis Noel Dent. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1892) of Mr. James Moon, late of 2, Buckland Crescent, Belsize Park, who died on April 12, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Jane Moon, the widow, and John Young Anderson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £126,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the National Life-Boat Association, to be applied in building a life-boat to be called the Minnie Moon; £500 to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street; £1000, £1200 per annum for life, and all his linen, wines, consumable stores and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to his wife, for life, and then to all his children; £200 to his executor and son-in-law, Mr. Anderson; £50 to his coachman, Henry Bell; and there

are specific gifts of insurance companies' shares to each of his four daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters, Margaret Louisa Franck, Katharine Edith Moon, Constance Minnie Anderson, and Charlotte Ethel Clarke Lens, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1886), with three codicils (dated March 3 and 23, 1891, and Feb. 15, 1893), of Mr. Henry Augustus de Ros Hyde, late of 50, Kensington Court, who died on March 24, was proved on May 15 by John Turner, James Anstey Wild, and Mrs. Ellen Florence Chester, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Hyde, and his daughter, Mrs. Chester; £5000, upon trust, for Edith Marie Webster; £1100 to his executor Mr. Turner; £600 to his executor Mr. Wild; £500 each to Kate Florence Frampton and his coachman, John Child; and £100 to John N. Hutchens. He leaves two thirds of the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, then as to two thirds thereof for his said daughter for life, and then equally to the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, and the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants, Hornsey Rise. The remaining one third of the residue of his real and personal estate, and also on the death of his wife one third of the part left to her for life, he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Chester, for life, then for her issue as she

shall appoint. In default of children, two thirds of his daughter's original share is to be divided between the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, and the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road; and the ultimate residue of his property is to go as the survivor of his wife and daughter shall appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1893) of Mr. Arthur Troughton Roberts, D.L., late of Coeddu, Flint, and 3, Ovington Gardens, who died on April 3 at Mentone, was proved on May 10 by Mrs. Grace Rebecca Roberts, the widow, and Arthur Phillips Roberts, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £62,000. The testator gives all his furniture, pictures, books, plate, jewellery, wines, household stores, horses and carriages, his leasehold residence, 3, Ovington Gardens, £500, and an annuity of £1500 to his wife, and £100 per annum, to be increased to £200 per annum on the death of his wife, to each of his children, except his son Arthur Phillips. He recites that he has settled the Coeddu estate on his son Arthur Phillips, and he leaves the residue of his property upon the trusts of the same settlement.

The will (dated June 22, 1889), with a codicil (dated Oct. 8, 1891), of Dame Harriet Frances Wickens, late of Sonning, Berks, who died on April 6, was proved on May 15 by Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., and George Farwell, Q.C., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths

Appointed by
Special
Royal Warrant



Soap Makers
to Her Majesty
the Queen.



DON'T LOSE HEART

because there is a large wash before you, but

CHEER UP

and use

SUNLIGHT SOAP

it saves its cost in labour many times over. One trial ensures constant use.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded
the
HIGHEST HONOURS
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Packets.

For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris,
London,
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Sold Everywhere.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

CHAS. PACKER & CO.

76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W.

NEW PATENT.



An absolutely secure Screw Fastening, for all interchangeable articles of Jewellery, such as Pins, Studs, Rings, Bracelets, &c. Full Particulars and Illustrations in Catalogue, post free on application.

NEW ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT.

Viâ **HARWICH** and the

HOOK OF HOLLAND.

Direct Through Service and Cheap Fares from JUNE 1st, 1893.

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS CONTINENTAL MANAGER, LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.

LIPTON'S TEAS

Direct from the Tea Garden to the Tea Pot.
No Middlemen's Profits to Pay.

RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT.

1/- and 1/4 per lb.

THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE,

1/7 per lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS SOLD WEEKLY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on Application.*

A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

**LIPTON,
TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER,
CEYLON.**

LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, & PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

So's Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon — Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea and Coffee land in Ceylon.

Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo.

Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo.

Indian Offices: Lyon's Range, Calcutta. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Armenian Ghaut, Calcutta.

GENERAL OFFICES:

BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.,

AND BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices? No, you cannot with an ordinary knife,

but with THAT WONDERFUL

Christy Bread Knife

it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence, and try one.

It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. It is not a machine, but a knife, sharpened exactly like any other knife, only not a quarter as often. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as you can thick ones.

Made of FINEST STEEL. Price 2s. 6d. by post.
Size—14 inches by 2½ inches.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread?
NO? But it will, and make no crumbs.

ALWAYS YOUNG.



Beetham's AND Glycerine Cucumber

IS THE MOST PERFECT EMOLLIENT MILK FOR
**PRESERVING AND
BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN**
EVER PRODUCED.

It soon renders it Soft, Smooth and White
entirely removes and prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.

And preserves the SKIN from the effects of the

SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER
more effectually than any other preparation.

NO LADY who values her Complexion should ever be without it,
as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and
BLOOMING.

Beware of Injurious Imitations.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra
by the Sole Makers,

ALWAYS FAIR.

M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,

65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



£5

**THE CHEAPSIDE 4-PLATE
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,**

With Chronometer Balance and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong Silver Case with Crystal Glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.



£5

**LADIES' GOLD
KEYLESS WATCHES.**

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With plain polished or richly engraved 18-carat Gold Cases, fully Jewelled, strong Crystal Glass, air, damp, and dust tight.

Illustrated Catalogues
Post Free.

PRESENTATION WATCHES,
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,
to £250.

Arms and Inscriptions
emblazoned to order.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises
by experienced Workmen.



£10

**LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS
WATCH,**

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.
Ditto in Silver, £5.

GOLD CHAINS

AT

Manufacturers' Prices.



£25

**LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS
HALF-CHRONOMETERS.**

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, plain polished or richly engraved, 4-plate, finely Jewelled movements, Chronometer Balance, specially adapted for all climates.



£25

PRESENTATION WATCHES,
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,
to £250.

Arms and Inscriptions
emblazoned to order.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises
by experienced Workmen.



£25

**A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 4-PLATE
HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH,** accurately
timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions.
In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly
emblazoned.
Ditto in Silver, £15.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch, Clock, & Jewellery Manufacturers, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

£100 each to her executors; her plate, jewellery, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, and such of her books and pictures as she shall select, to her daughter, Mrs. Mary Erskine Farwell; her furniture and effects, the books and pictures not selected by her daughter, and her leasehold residence at Sonning, to her daughter-in-law Sophie Marguerite Nares; and £200 to her daughter-in-law Mary Agatha Wickens. A sum, equal in amount to the sum appointed by a certain deed-poll in favour of her daughter, and one half of the residue of her property is to be held, upon trust, to pay £400 per annum to her said daughter-in-law, Sophie Marguerite Nares, for life, and subject thereto for her grandson, Evelyn John Wickens: the other half of the residue of her property is to be held upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her daughter, Mrs. Farwell.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 6 following), of Miss Isabella Gillow, late of Lilystone Hall, Stock, Essex, who died on March 6, was proved on April 13 by Frederick John Coverdale, the Rev. William Henderson Cologan, and George Matthews Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate to her brothers William and John. Should both predecease her, she bequeaths £7000 to the Archbishop of Westminster and the Roman Catholic Bishops of the Dioceses of Newcastle, Hexham, Liverpool, Salford, Leeds, Shrewsbury, and Middlesbrough; and other legacies and annuities; and, subject to these legacies,

leaves all her real and personal estate to his Eminence Cardinal Manning, the Very Rev. William Anthony Johnson, Alderman Stuart Knill, and Frederick John Coverdale.

The will (dated March 23, 1891) of Miss Catherine Abercrombie, late of Holly Lodge, Burnham, Bucks, who died on April 9, was proved on May 5 by George Kennedy Abercrombie and Captain Alexander William Abercrombie, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for her nieces Wilhelmina, Gertrude Mary, and Jane; her furniture and effects to her sister, Mary Abercrombie, for life, and then to her said three nieces; £500 each to her nephew and nieces, Alexander William, Madeline, Elizabeth, and Catherine Laura Abercrombie; and legacies to other of her nephews and nieces. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister Mary, for life; then, as to one moiety, for her nieces Wilhelmina, Gertrude Mary, and Jane; and as to the other moiety, for her said nephew and nieces, Alexander William, Madeline, Elizabeth, and Catherine Laura.

The will (dated June 10, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Case, formerly of Shenstone, Staffordshire, and late of 15, Rue du Cirque, Paris, who died so long ago as July 23, 1887, was proved on May 11 by George Fitzroy Cole, the nephew, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator confirms the agreement made previously to his marriage, and the

settlement made thereunder by himself and his wife of the dotal estate; and he bequeaths £500 to his executor, Mr. Cole, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife (since deceased) for life, and then for his son Edwin William, subject to an annuity of £250 to his son George Alfred.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 31, 1883) of Mr. Eden Colville, late of Craigflower, in the county of Fife, and 42, Beaufort Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 2 at St. Andrews, Lustleigh, South Devon, granted to Major Francis Arthur Marindin, R.E., the nephew, and Alexander David Martin Black, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on May 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £24,000.

A very charming stationery of a delicate lavender tint, and named after Princess May, has just been issued by Messrs. John Walker and Co., and should commend itself to ladies who admire dainty papeterie.

Welcome to the intending traveller, and interesting to those who have had the pleasure of voyaging in the Orient Company's good ships Garonne and Chimborazo, is the handbook issued for the cruises to Lapland, the Land of the Midnight Sun. Lieutenant G. T. Temple, R.N., is responsible for the little book; to which Mr. Norman Lockyer and Mr. Grenville A. J. Cole also contribute.

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THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Racecourse) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by South Western Railway to Epsom Town are not available to return by the Brighton Company's direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.

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AND CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

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THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course. The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

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It behoves all heads of families to arm themselves against its approach, and there is no greater safeguard than

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TRANSLATION.

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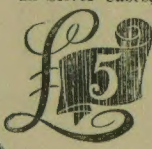
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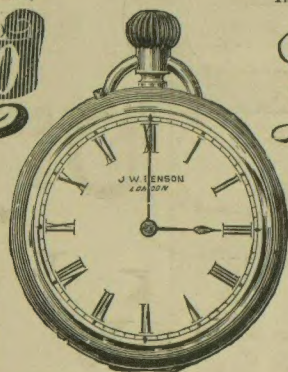
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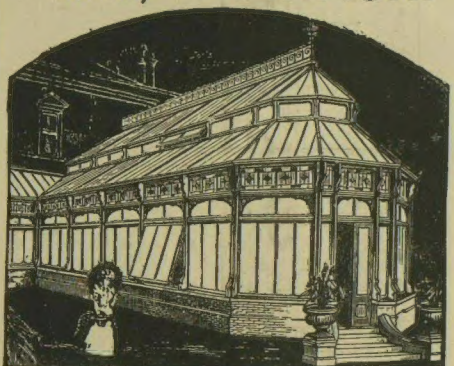
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